

Children's Newspaper, October 16, 1926

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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Weekly Companion of the Best-loved Magazine in the World

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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A NEW SIGHT AT SOUTH KENSINGTON

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A MAN AND A MILLION BIRDS DRAMATIC MEETING IN THE SKY

**The Great Traffic Problem Up
Above the Streets**

MIGRATION TIME

Sir Henry Maybury, our Chief of Transport, is calling for circuses—more and more roundabout ways for our hard-pressed streets. It looks as if we may need a Circus System for the Air!

It is natural to imagine that the way for the flying-man is clear; there is plenty of room in the sky, we say. But it is strangely true that the ways are not so clear as we imagine. There have been collisions between planes, and now we read of a dramatic encounter between a flying-man and a flock of birds.

The truth is that there are pathways through the air as there are pathways in the sea; air currents and ocean currents determine the way men go with ships and planes. This is the season of the great European migration of birds to the far and sunny South; they follow the path the birds have known for ages.

The Machine Turns Aside

Now the birds are faced with a new adventure; they find a new sort of bird in their path. The other day it was an Imperial Airways plane, with Captain Horsey on board, flying from Zürich back to London.

On ascending to a height of 6000 feet in order to cross the Alps Captain Horsey encountered immense flocks of little birds at the same level, crossing the mountains in the opposite direction. They advanced in the ordered, wedge-shaped formation characteristic of birds flying a distance, swiftly, determinedly, straight, not to be deflected. One force must yield, birds or man, and the master mind, recognising the necessity, gave way, turning his machine aside.

A Duck and an Aeroplane

Prudence as well as humanity prompted the decision. A short time ago the pilot of an English aeroplane flying back from Belgium had the blades of his propeller smashed as the result of a collision with a wild duck. But Captain Horsey found himself confronted by winged mobs whose formation stretched in a solid line for hundreds of yards, with numbers he estimated at a million.

To meet such a moving force would have meant disaster to a host of birds, but it must almost certainly have wrecked the machine. This is a danger which will always have to be reckoned with in spring and autumn, when birds are on the wing to and from South and North. We know roughly the lines they follow, both going and returning, and we must plan to avoid them.

But will not birds fly in terror from the path of an advancing plane? It seems not. For thousands of years they

Goliath of Gath



This huge St. Bernard dog at the Gathe Kennels, Walthamstow, near London, is said to be the biggest St. Bernard in the world. When standing on its hind legs in this way it is seven feet high, and it weighs two hundredweight. The dog is very appropriately named Goliath of Gath.

have flown the air unchallenged, and instinct has not built up a defence against unexpected collision in their ancient haunts. So they fly straight on. These which the airman met ignored his great machine, and would have been upon him, like a runaway horse on a pedestrian, had he not turned aside.

There might seem a danger of accidental encounters at night and in mists. Birds fly more by night than by day when migrating, and this peril will clearly have to be considered, for in the darkness birds cannot be quickly seen. In mists they lose themselves, as we do, and the probability is that at such times they seek the ground, whereas the airman can go on, guided by his compass and the marvellous wireless directions which steer him in moments of doubt.

The problem is one of many complexities at this time of the year, for there is not only the line of migration to be considered. That is practically constant, but there is the consideration of height. Birds may be met at various altitudes in the course of a single journey. Crossing the sea in rough weather they practically skim the waves, in order to avoid the full force of the storm and let

the height of the tossing seas shield them from the gale. In fair weather they rise high, in order to get a good view of landmarks, we may suppose.

But the same types of birds may vary their altitude from day to day, from hour to hour. Some mysterious sense tells them when to soar to catch a favouring current above. Aeroplanes approaching an aerodrome are informed by wireless, not only of the direction of the wind, but of the speed at which it is blowing at various levels above their hangars. Some such intelligence system seems to operate among the birds, helping them on their way.

We shall learn more and more about the mysteries of migration now that birds and men are meeting along the regular pathways of the air, but we shall need still more data for the safety of both. For it is serious that a pilot, rising to avert collision with one multitude of birds at sea-level, as seamen have learned to avoid giant wandering icebergs in the North Atlantic when the glaciers move down to the sea, should find himself encompassed by perils of the same kind as he mounts in the air to scale a range of mountains.

A SCOUT'S SPEECH TO A BEAR

A JOLLY LITTLE EVENT

**The Hundredth Train and Its
Interesting Passenger**

HUNGARIAN GIFT TO BERNE

By a Hungarian Correspondent

Did ever train carry a more incongruous load than the one which the other day left the station of Budapest for Switzerland? Its passengers were 220 children, four nurses, and a live bear!

It was a memorable train in other respects, for it was the hundredth train since the end of the Great War to carry delicate and ill-nourished Hungarian children to be the guests of Switzerland till they became well and strong again. And it was taking the bear as a gift of gratitude from these fortunate children to the children of Berne.

Choosing a Bear

You may think there are prettier ways of saying Thank you—a bunch of flowers, for example, or a box of sweets. But the children of Berne do not think so, for they were asked to choose the present they wanted and they chose the bear. You see, he is the favourite animal of the Bernese, for he has a place in their coat-of-arms. And he has now quite died out in Switzerland. But he still abounds in Transylvania, and a Hungarian lady who had heard of the children's wish procured a nice young specimen, strong, well-grown, and pleasant-mannered.

His manners stood him in good stead when he arrived in Berne, for really the reception that awaited him there might have overwhelmed a much more experienced traveller. Hundreds of school-children and grown-ups had come to meet the train, a military band played, and there was loud cheering when the cage was placed on a much-flagged cart and drawn in triumph by Boy Scouts through the crowded streets.

The Animal Arrives

Arrived at the enclosure where the municipal bears are being kept, a small but eloquent Scout climbed on to the cart and made a speech in which he thanked the children of Hungary for their gift. Then he turned to the cage.

"As for you, Master Bear," he said, "we hope that you will be happy among us and never regret having come to Berne. We shall take good care of you and never pass you without bringing you something. In return we shall expect you to behave well and show us what you can do. We shall like nothing better than to see you tumbling about with your companions and cutting all sorts of capers; and we hope you will not be a coward about the water."

The Hungarian children sincerely hope that their emissary will fulfil all the high expectations placed on him and not bring discredit on his native land.

FROM AUSTRALIA TO WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

A GREAT PLANE'S GREAT FLIGHT

A Million People See an Airman Come Home

WHAT COBHAM HAS DONE

By his own reckoning a million people welcomed Alan Cobham on his return to England the other day after flying to Australia and back.

No one who saw it will ever forget the thrill of his descent in the Thames above Westminster Bridge and his welcome, with his two companions, on the terrace of Parliament.

He had flown 28,000 miles, farther than the Earth's circumference at the Equator, and, save for the cruel murder of his mechanic Elliott, he had met with no mishap.

Historic Aeroplane

He thinks his machine should go to the British Museum, for it is a historic plane. A year ago it went to India and back; last spring it went to the Cape and back; now it has been to Australia and back. In earlier days Cobham was the first to fly to Zürich and back between sunrise and sunset. Altogether he has flown half a million miles up and down this little planet. This time he flew for 326 hours during his three months' journey, his average speed being 86 miles an hour.

What was it that brought Cobham his unique reception? Doubtless many who welcomed him imagined that the journey had never been done before; others had been touched by the tragedy at Basra, or thrilled with sympathy at the thought of the dangers he had passed. But the real interest of his achievement was the point emphasised by Cobham himself. He set out to make no record flight. He went unhurriedly, by easy stages, doing much prospecting work by the way in search of suitable air-route stations. On the return journey he only beat by a few days the great ship which brought the Australian Premier to London.

Flying in Bad Weather

His aim was not speed, but to show that long-distance flight could be made a commonplace, everyday experience shorn of any great risk, that for both men and machines there is nothing extraordinary in this method of world travel. He used the same machine both ways, depending on his own mechanics and his own stores for repairs. The intervals between the stages of a flight are a matter of detail and organisation.

The great new fact is that geography, climate, and even weather have been proved to be no longer the barriers we have reckoned them. Cobham flew right through the monsoons.

A vast work remains to be done, of course, in organisation, in surveying, and in the development of the size and resources of the great air-liners that will be needed; but Cobham's flight marks a definite new stage in the conversion of long-distance flying from a wild adventure to the ordinary procedure of the ordinary man.

COMPANIONS OF THE LONELY

When Mazzini, a famous apostle of Italian unity, was imprisoned by the Austrians at Savona his two pleasures were the sight of the sea and the sky from his prison window and the taming of a little finch which flew into his cell.

A sad story has just been told of a voluntary recluse of 75 who lived alone in a single room, taking his meals on the stairs, with only one companion—a canary. He was more dependent on his canary than Mazzini on his finch, for he had not the companionship of the great thoughts for his country, which sustained Mazzini through all his troubled life.

THE MENAGERIE TAKES A WALK

Calling at the Shops

A FEW FRIENDLY GREETINGS TO THE CITIZENS

The good people of Saint-Amand-les-Eaux, a well-known French watering-place near Valenciennes, will long remember the visit of a travelling circus.

It was a much more intimate affair than is usual on such occasions, for nine lions and two tigers escaped from their cages and strolled about the town at their ease.

The man who had charge of the travelling cages had opened the wrong door. It was night, and the first signs of the unusual visitors were phosphorescent dots of moving light, their eyes!

One of the lions fell into step with an unheeding pedestrian, snuffed at him, licked his hand, and then turned down another street. Another citizen, seeing a tiger ascending his staircase, quite forgot the rules of hospitality and dropped from the window by a ladder of sheets.

Tiger Visits a School

A tiger, quite in a friendly way, visited a school and saved the girls the trouble of serving a meal by helping himself in the pantry; and a lion, calling at a pork butcher's, fed on meat patties, chops, and sausages.

The lions must have been a well-fed tribe, for these were the only two who troubled about food. Another, walking into a café, merely glanced round and resumed his stroll. A lioness chose an ironmonger's, and had a happy time playing with saucepans, paraffin tins, and metal polish. A tiger, evidently a dandy, called at a hatter's and clawed open innumerable boxes of hats and silk ties.

No serious accident happened, and the circus people managed to collect all but one of their charges again before the train was due to resume its travels. The laggard was caught the next day in a private park. It was a marvellous example of how terrible things we greatly fear may sometimes be quite harmless.

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY

Losing a Race to Save a Rival

It needs a good heart and a generous nature to abandon a race one is winning to save a rival.

This is what Alfred Sherwood did during a half-mile swimming race in the Thames between the Houses of Parliament and Vauxhall Bridge. An ex-soldier named French in diving in reopened an old wound, and after a while collapsed with a cry for help. (Is it not a pitiful thing to see the curse of the Great War creeping into a man's life in this way?)

Mr. James Leonard immediately dived after him, fully clothed, from the judges' launch, but before he could reach him Sherwood had turned and caught the sinking man and dragged him to a boat.

Sherwood, who is only 17, was well ahead of all the others at the time, but after the rescue he was hopelessly behind.

The race, an item in the revived Lambeth Regatta, is to be an annual event. We shall all hope to see Sherwood win it next year.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

MS. of a Greek poem on animals	£200
Pair of Kien Lung porcelain bowls	£130
11th-century Greek MS. on vellum	£78
Pair of 17th-century chairs	£53
A Queen Anne side-table	£37

THE PAPERS BEAT THE WIRELESS

Drama of a Pill Box

HOW A WOMAN'S LIFE WAS SAVED

Broadcasting stations have sent out many curious S O S messages, but none stranger than that of a chemist who had made up a prescription wrongly and tried to correct his error by warning the recipient of the danger.

A man called at the shop with a doctor's prescription for twelve pills, and the chemist made it up. In the night, when he was in bed, it occurred to the chemist that he had put a quarter of a grain of strychnine in each pill instead of only a fortieth part, a desperate mistake, for a quarter of a grain will kill any but the strongest man.

The chemist remembered that the prescription was made out for a Mrs. Penn, and he believed, but did not know, that it had been brought by her husband. He did not know their address, neither could he remember the doctor's name.

Warning Telegrams

He immediately sent warning telegrams to twelve people named Penn in the Birmingham directory and then rushed to the police. The police called up the broadcasting station, which interrupted its programme to send out a warning to Mrs. Penn, and 2 L O did the same. Then more telegrams were sent out to more Penns throughout the Midlands; and there they had to leave it.

But it was not the wireless or the wires that reached the desired goal; it was the papers. The purchaser of the pills learned of the mistake from the newspapers three days after his call. He at once telephoned the happy news that the pills had not yet been "taken as directed," and he has returned them, so that all is well.

FIVE DAYS CUT OFF IN A MINE

Extraordinary Rescue of 43 Men

Through the buckling of a main shaft 43 miners were entombed in an iron mine in the State of Michigan, and it took the rescuing parties five days to get to them.

After 120 hours had expired the rescuers heard feeble voices calling "We are still alive."

The men had made tea of birch bark from the mine timbers, using their clothes to make the fire. They occupied the time with songs, religious talks, and prayer meetings, and, before their strength began to fail, with efforts to dig themselves out.

When at last the rescuers reached them all but the foreman and two sentries were asleep. Imagine the joy of their waking! They were too weak to be moved at first, and were given soup, tea, and toast where they lay. Later they were all carried to hospital.

A STEEL BRIDGE WAITING

Ready for a Disaster

The great International Railway by the Lake of Geneva, up the Rhône Valley, and through the Simplon Tunnel into Italy has just been blocked for days by a landslide a dozen miles above the lake.

Thousands of tons of earth and rock diverted the river and demolished the railway viaduct near St. Maurice. A huge boulder rock, estimated to contain 6000 cubic feet, washed down a torrent bed, and, threatening to destroy a bridge, was blown up by dynamite.

Happily a contractor happened to have on hand a steel bridge 60 feet long with which it proved possible to piece together the broken viaduct. Contractors with steel bridges handy are surely a great blessing in such cases!

ROBERT DOLLAR'S DOLLARS

Sailing His Ships Round the World

The 13-year-old son of a labourer in a Falkirk timber yard landed in Canada 70 years ago without a penny in his pocket, unable to read or write. Today he is a millionaire who is going round the world in his own ships.

Robert Dollar first became an odd-job boy in a lumber camp, and educated himself in his leisure; and by the time he was 40 he had become owner of American timber-lands on his own account, and Dollarville in Michigan had been named after him. At 53 he became a shipowner and was the first man to carry the American flag round the world on regular trips in his own ship.

This he is still doing at 82 with his wife, who is only two years younger. He is the owner of a whole line of ships sailing from San Francisco.

LORD MILNER'S BEAUTIFUL HOME

A School for Little Lads

In the precincts of St. Augustine's Cathedral at Canterbury is the old King's School founded in Saxon times and re-established by Henry the Eighth.

Two miles away is Sturry Court, on the site belonging to St. Augustine's Monastery. Built in the time of Shakespeare, Sturry Court became at last the home of Lord Milner.

Now the Dean of Canterbury announces the gift of Sturry Court by Lady Milner, with its six acres of land, to the Governors of the King's School, and its coming conversion to the use of the junior department.

It is a noble gift in memory of a man who served his day and generation.

LIVINGSTONE'S HOME

Buying it for the Nation

Twelve thousand pounds is wanted to save the early home of David Livingstone from destruction, restore it to its original state, and house in it the scattered relics of the great explorer.

The house is at Blantyre, on the Clyde, and near it are the old school and cotton mill closely associated with Livingstone which it is hoped to preserve with the house. The sum of £12,000 is asked for, and we hope a little of it will come from C.N. homes. *Picture on page 12*

THINGS SAID

There is too much of the everlasting craving for thrills. *A Coroner*

Uneducated democracy is the slave of rhetoric. *Dr. Gore*

If it amuses the public to call me a pessimist I cannot help it. *Dean Inge*

The average first novel yields only about £30 for the author. *An Expert*

It is time the police summoned people who jump on to crowded buses. *A Solicitor*

The dreadful thing about the world today is that there is no common sense. *The Rev. Studdert Kennedy*

Science has freed us from superstition and its terrors, but leaves us with the wider hope. *Professor William Brown*

The new champion boxer has never smoked and never tasted alcohol. *One of his friends*

In the creation of new names of plants we suggest that poets and children should be consulted. *Clarissa, John, and Alfred Perceval Graves*

It is strange to read of Florence Nightingale being denounced in Parliament as a shameless hussy because she wished to nurse in the Crimea. *Mr. T. R. Ackroyd*

CLAPHAM JUNCTION OF DARKEST AFRICA

HOW NEW RAILWAYS WILL LINK UP

The Need for Friendship and Goodwill

CECIL RHODES'S DREAM

The great dream of Cecil Rhodes was to see the Continent of Africa, in the development of which he played such a notable part, linked up from north to south by highways of commerce, along which would flow, from sea to sea, the wealth of her mines, forests, plains, and fertile uplands.

What would he say if he could see how much has been done in the twenty years since his death to make his dream a reality? True, the chief part has yet to be done, for, though we are apt to speak of the Cape-to-Cairo Railway as an accomplished fact, it is nothing like a straight line of steel.

Cooperation Between the Powers

What is urgent now is to establish cooperation between the various Powers who at present divide the African continent up between them; for it is due to their differences in policy and disagreements on matters which could quite well be adjusted in the interests of all that the great lines each of them has built are not joined up, and cannot very well be connected while their gauges remain different. Of course unity must come in time. It is inconceivable that the great empire-builders, the engineers, administrators, prospectors, explorers, and settlers of all the nationalities of Europe should be disappointed of their life's work because politicians cannot agree.

Two Great Projects

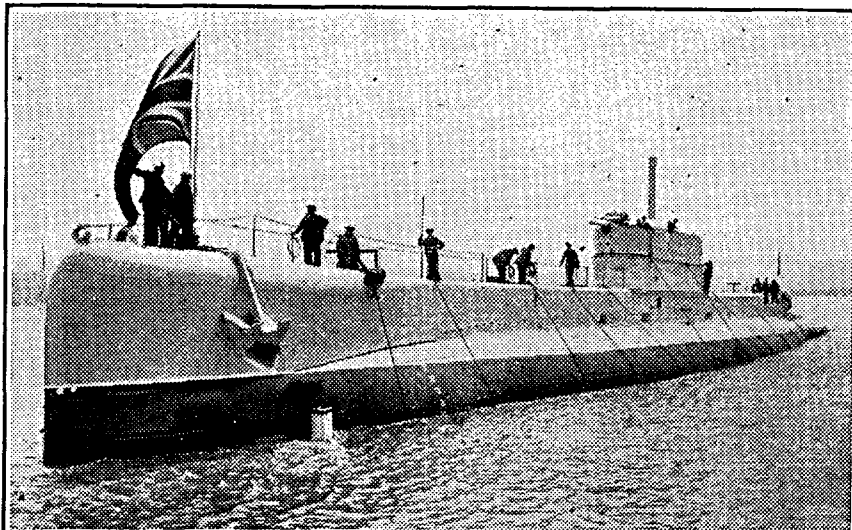
During the last quarter of a century over 600 miles of railway have been constructed annually in British Africa alone. In 1900 there were about 5000 miles; now there are over 20,000 miles. The Germans built a line, at vast expense, right through their East African Colonies, now the Tanganyika Territory. In Nigeria we linked up the coast lands with the city of Kano, that vast African town of a hundred thousand inhabitants. The Belgians in the Congo, and the French in the Sahara, in Algeria, and Tunis, in their spheres of influence in East and West Africa, even the Portuguese in Angola and Mozambique, have all been working and planning for the future. There cannot be very much doubt that within the lifetime of most of us at least two immense projects will be realised—the new lines from Algeria and Tunis to the French Sudan and the banks of the Congo, and a direct through line, such as Rhodes dreamed of, from Cape Town to Alexandria.

A Railway Across Africa

But more than this will be needed. Africa must be traversed not from north to south alone, but from east to west. The vast and rapidly-developing trade on the South American seaboard requires that India and the Far East should be linked up, as cheaply and expeditiously as may be, with Brazil and Argentina; and a railway running across Africa would bring India within three weeks of Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires.

This is only one instance of what is wanted and what could be achieved; but it illustrates vividly enough the urgent need for a conference of genuine friendship and goodwill between the various Imperial Powers of Africa, so that the problem of opening up the resources of the Dark Continent to the outside world may be tackled in a statesmanlike spirit of true internationalism and unselfish alliance.

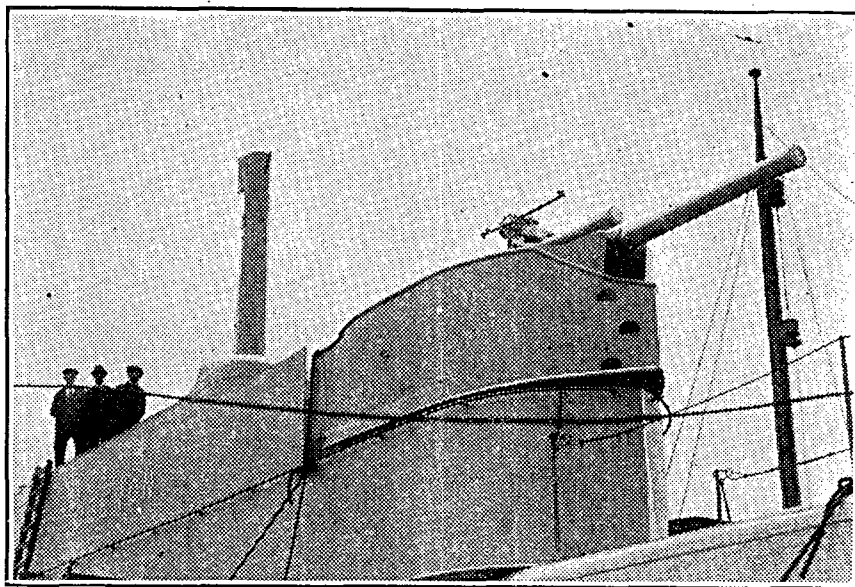
THE SUBMARINE WITH A NAME



The Oberon in the water after being launched



The bows of the new submarine



A near view of the big gun on the new submarine

At last the Admiralty has carried out a suggestion made long ago by the C.N., that submarines should have names instead of numbers. The new super-submarine which has just been launched, and which is shown in these pictures, has been named the Oberon, a name, however, which does not seem very appropriate, for Oberon was the King of the Fairies

LEARNING TEN DEAD LANGUAGES

A Scholar's Courage

NEWS OF THE WORLD BEFORE HOMER'S DAY

A remarkable story is told of Dr. Emil Forrer, of Berlin University, who has been working for many years at the clay tablets on which the King of the Hittites wrote and received his letters.

The tablets were found by Dr. Hugo Winckler while excavating in Eastern Asia Minor, but, though he devoted the rest of his life to the task, he was unable to decipher them. Then Dr. Forrer took over the work. He had to reconstruct ten ancient languages hitherto unknown before he could get their meaning. It was a gigantic task, but it was worth the pains, not only because we now have the key to all future inscriptions we may discover in these languages, but for the wonderful story the Hittite tablets unfolded.

It is to them we owe the discovery that there was a Greek empire seven hundred years before Homer, rivalling Babylon and Egypt, and showing that the City of Troy, and many other cities named by Homer, hitherto supposed to be mythical, had a real existence.

MOVING 10,000 SHEEP

Across a Waterless Country

News comes from Queensland of a squatter who is using two three-decker motor-wagons capable of carrying between them 350 sheep at each journey. As he has to take 10,000 sheep across 180 miles of waterless country the invention is a great boon to him. We hope it is comfortable for the sheep.

With the growth of motor-traffic it is becoming increasingly difficult to drive livestock from place to place. The motor-cars are as much in the way of the livestock as the livestock are in the way of the cars.

Only this year a transport wagon has been invented which can be bolted on to any type of motor-lorry and is capable of carrying 60 lambs at a time. The wagon is in three storeys, and the two upper floors can be lowered to the level of the lorry, filled with stock, and then hoisted into position. Larger animals can be carried by discarding one or two of the floors.

HOMES FOR OUR PEOPLE TO LIVE IN

We are really beginning to make up the shortage of houses.

Far more houses were built during the year ending last April than in any other year since the war. The number was 173,000, against 137,000 the previous year. This is without counting houses built for people turned out of slum property to be pulled down.

Nearly 650,000 houses have been built since the war, toward the cost of which nearly 50 million pounds has been paid in Government grants.

One house in every eight under construction last March was built of other material than bricks, most of them of concrete.

Under the scheme for getting rid of the shortage of labour in the building trades over 8000 apprentices had been taken on at the end of January, and to meet the shortage of bricks 5400 million bricks were made last year.

THE MARCH OF WIRELESS

One of the large radio companies estimates the number of valve sets in use in the world at about four and half millions, and the number of crystal sets at a million less.

DICK SHEPPARD HIS PULPIT AND HIS CRYPT

Friend of the Outcast and
Preacher to the Million
SECRET OF HIS POWER

It is doubtful whether the retirement of any other preacher would cause so much widespread sorrow as the resignation of the Vicar of the Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

Mr. Sheppard has struggled manfully against increasing attacks of asthma. More than once he has offered to resign, but his people have persuaded him to take long holidays. Now complete rest from work and responsibility have become essential, and he will not return to his old post.

Mr. Sheppard has made his place in history as the first preacher who realised the full value of Broadcasting.

It was not merely because he had something he wanted to say, but because he had something the people wanted to hear, that his church in Trafalgar Square became crowded every Sunday night and his monthly wireless services became an established institution throughout the country. The simplicity of his teaching, and the feeling that he loved and cared, made people want to hear him, especially young men and young women who had lost touch with ordinary churches and with what is called theology.

An Ever-Open Church

But it is not through conducting services and preaching sermons that Mr. Sheppard has overworked himself and broken down. It is because he was accessible to everyone. Complete strangers brought their doubts and perplexities to him. He understood them because he sympathised, and though sympathy is most blessed it is also most exhausting to the sympathiser.

St. Martin's, we believe, is the only church with an Ever-open Door. When the church closes at night the crypt below is opened, and when the crypt closes in the morning the church above reopens. The most utter outcast is not turned away. Here is an alternative to the seats on the Embankment, free of the policeman's order to move on; and out of this has grown the hostel in Grosvenor Road, where better accommodation is given to those who can profit by it. Many men, seeing Mr. Sheppard and his helpers in the crypt of St. Martin's, have found it a turning-point in their lives. It is here that Mr. Sheppard achieved the high honour of being called plain Dick Sheppard.

The Spirit of His Master

He is only 46. His father was Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, and he himself is an honorary chaplain to the King. It is said that he has three times refused a bishopric. Before going to St. Martin's in 1914 he was at the head of the Oxford House Settlement in Bethnal Green, and it was in helping soldiers during the war that St. Martin's crypt first became a place of shelter for stranded men.

Mr. Sheppard will have the sympathy and goodwill of millions of his countrymen, and we hope to see him, after a long rest and complete recovery, back at the post he loves, doing the work that spreads abroad in the world the spirit of his Master.

THANK YOU, STATIONMASTER

Can you imagine a dog-lover packing a dog in a box too small for it to stand up in, and sending it in such a box for a railway journey of some four or five hundred miles?

That happened in Northumberland the other day, but fortunately the stationmaster saw the box and refused to accept it. The cruel sender was fined five pounds and costs.

THE ELECTRICITY AGE Hampshire Behind Sweden

We are apt to think of America as the country supremely blessed with electricity, but Sweden is even more advanced. She uses electrical cooking-stoves in forest cottages.

Nearly half the farms of Sweden are using electricity for lighting and power. In the United States not more than three per cent of the farms are receiving electric current from power lines. California, of course, claims the lead, with 554 million horse-power-hours of electric power used in agriculture during 1923, but 80 per cent of that is employed in pumping water for irrigation.

Meanwhile, one corner of Hampshire is tremendously thrilled (a resident writes to us) "by the rumour that electricity is coming up from Portsmouth to the green-clad villages of the Meon. Can it be true? We hope so; but we had the unpleasant experience, not so long ago, of attending a village meeting during which a proposal to lay water on to the cottages was vehemently and successfully opposed."

BRITISH TRADE DOES A BIG THING

A Story of the Magneto

We often hear of things which Germany is able to make so much better than we are that she captures the world market against us. The British Thomson-Houston Company has been telling of one instance, at any rate, in which the process has been reversed.

The magneto, which makes electricity for exploding gases in internal combustion engines, was conceived by British brains, but before the war its manufacture was almost wholly in German hands. During the war, however, the progress made in its improvement here was so great that, apart altogether from exports, the magneto of practically every motor-car and motor-cycle in Britain is British made. There is an aircraft magneto which emits 6000 sparks a minute.

SEARCH FOR A BIRTHDAY University's Record of its Life in 1182

The University of Modena has long been anxious to know its own age.

The late Professor Sandonnini discovered documents taking its history back to the thirteenth century, but could get no farther. Now the Italian Historical Society have asked Professor Vicini to go into the matter, and he has published a book on his researches.

He believes he has discovered the founder in one Rogerius Beneventanus, but the only exact date he has found is 1182, when a famous teacher of law, Pillio, transferred himself from Bologna to Modena on the ground that the study of law was taken more seriously in that city.

THE PNEUMONIA GERM Something New About It

Pneumonia—what a word of dread it has been in the past! But scientists are fighting it. Day by day the research men are at work trying to discover ways by which the disease can be brought to a standstill.

Three research workers, toiling in a laboratory at the University of Chicago, recently discovered that the deadly pneumonia germ became a harmless creature if a slight charge of electricity were removed from it, and that it was turned again into a man destroyer when the charge was restored.

Further experiments are necessary before pneumonia is conquered, but in the meantime, it is believed, the way has been paved toward an entirely new understanding of the whys and wherefores of a germ.

EXCITING MOMENTS ON THE OCEAN BED A Diver's Adventure

NARROW ESCAPE IN A WRECK

All who must wear glasses know how tiresome it can be to fall and break them, but what of the diver who falls in the sea and breaks the glass window of his helmet?

That is what happened to diver John Lee while working on the wreck of the Glencona off Fleetwood. It was, he says, the most dreadful experience in his fifteen years as a diver.

He was crossing from one side of the wreck to the other in pitch darkness, with a strong tide stirring up the mud. He had constantly to balance himself against the current, and when one of his clogs got fast in a hole in the deck he was swept off his feet. He grasped at the tangled, rusty ironwork, cutting his hands as he did so. He felt a piece of iron gash his right sleeve, and clapped his left hand over the hole, which, of course, was letting in air.

Thus handicapped, he fell at the next step with the window of his helmet on a girder, and the glass broke. Clapping his free hand over this hole, too, he drew a deep breath and tugged frantically at the signal rope. It was only the watchfulness and promptitude of the skipper and his crew, he says, that saved his life.

He was seventy feet below the surface with the water at the awful pressure of fifty pounds to the square inch when the accident happened, and he suffered for days afterwards from diver's paralysis.

GOLDFISH COME TO TOWN

A New Annual Show for London

The owners of home aquariums all over the country joined the other day to hold an exhibition in London.

The show was arranged by the British Aquarists Association through its Curator, Mr. Fraser Brunner, in the rooms of the British Sea Anglers Society in Fetter Lane. It was such a success that it is proposed to repeat it annually in larger rooms.

Naturally the great feature was the goldfish, of which there were over twenty varieties, fan tails, fringe tails, veil tails, lion heads, nymphs, comets, telescopes, and the rest. Naturally, too, there were far more freshwater fish than sea-fish.

Other favourites were various aquatic tortoises, including one which had no name, and which the Zoo authorities, though they had never seen its like before, identified as a Chinese terrapin.

But the most exciting exhibits, shown in a room made comfortably tropical by an electric stove with a copper reflector, were a brood of newly-hatched crocodiles and some slightly older alligator cousins.

THE KINEMA FIRE DANGER

Making French Kinemas Safe

We are reminded that, as the C.N. announced some time ago, France has set the British Parliament an example in dealing with dangerous cinematograph films.

In England the trade contends that it is unnecessary to forbid inflammable films, and that safety films are too expensive. The French Parliament has accepted neither of these excuses, and has passed a law prohibiting all inflammable films after this year.

What France can do we can do. At Wembley all kinema licences were made subject to the use of non-inflammable films, and what is necessary for the safety of Wembley is not less necessary for the safety of the West End or the East End of London, or anywhere else.

A SAD DAY 400 YEARS AGO Hungary Remembers It

By a Hungarian Correspondent

At the end of August the Hungarians commemorated the 400th anniversary of the saddest event in their history, the Battle of Mohács.

In this battle the Turks, under Soliman the Great, annihilated the Hungarian army which had tried to stop their forward march, and, after seizing Buda, the capital, possessed themselves of a great part of the country.

For a century and a half they remained lords of the land, a terror to the population and a standing menace to the rest of Europe, while for many generations the flower of the nation perished in a heroic and seemingly fruitless attempt to drive them back.

But this was only one part of the tragedy the Battle of Mohács brought on Hungary. The other was that her last national king, a boy of 22, lost his life on that day, leaving no heirs behind. The Hungarians offered the crown to his brother-in-law, Ferdinand the Hapsburg, which proved a most disastrous move, for the Hapsburgs made it their aim not only to break the independence of Hungary and incorporate the country into the Holy Roman Empire, but to wipe out Protestantism.

Bloodshed and persecution followed, and much injustice, reaching down to our own days, the greatest being that Hungary, with no wish to join in the Great War, had to do so because she was tied to Austria. This brought on her a calamity worse even than the Turkish occupation—the loss of two-thirds of her territory and the passing under foreign rule of four millions of her own race.

NOON NICK AND CALF TAIL

Law On a Hilltop

The claim for the possession and use of the Jug Hole lead mine, more properly called Noon Nick, has been decided by due process of law.

The mine lies high above Matlock, and was worked (but not worked out) by the Romans. Under local mining law a gentleman from Manchester, known as the Barmaster, with two local grand juries formed a Commission to visit the mine; they went in a gale of hail and rain. One grand jurymen lost his way, and only found it again through the hallooing of his colleagues.

A local councillor claimed both this and the neighbouring Calf Tail mine. He was awarded the Calf Tail, but a neighbour who had formerly worked Noon Nick proved his right to a renewal of its use. Each of them, every time he produces what is known as a dish of ore, must render by ancient custom one-ninth of it to the King.

£2 IN HIS POCKET

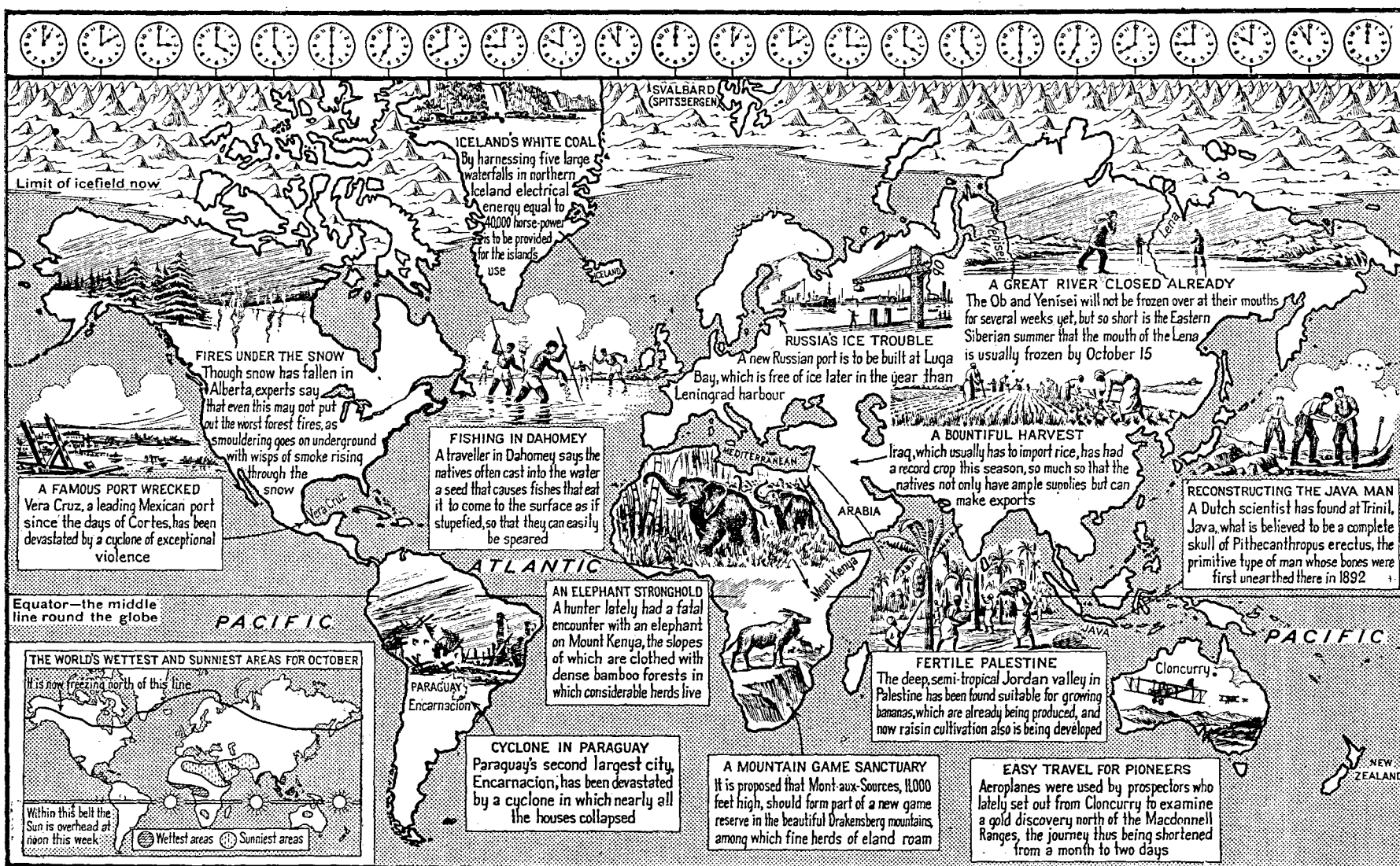
Prentice Boy Who Became Prime Minister

There is a romantic story in the life of Mr. Dunning, probably the most powerful colleague of Mr. Mackenzie King in the new Canadian Government. He is Minister of Railways.

He is a typical Canadian figure. He emigrated at 17, when an apprentice in a Leicester foundry. When he landed he had only two pounds in his pocket. But he saved money and bought a farm.

Then he organised the cooperative movement among the farmers for selling grain. This brought him into politics, and he rose to be Prime Minister of Saskatchewan, a post he gave up to join Mr. King.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



ABDUL HAMID'S PALACE Open to the People

Republican Turkey, with no sultan and no caliph, has made a show place of the palace of its former rulers.

Only most distinguished foreigners gained admission to the Seraglio in Abdul Hamid's day, and the traditional mode of audience was through a hole in the wall above their heads!

Yet it is here, it is said, that more European history has been planned than in any other palace in Europe. A small hole in the court marks the place where the standard of the Prophet was raised when a holy war was declared.

In the library there are still many Greek manuscripts that have not even yet been properly examined. Another room contains what claims to be the mantle of Mohammed himself.

The Seraglio is only one of many museums in Constantinople, and it is an enlightened policy on the part of the Republic thus to teach the common people and the European visitor the wonders of Turkey's past.

ARGENTINA COMES BACK No More Sulking

It is never dignified to sulk when you cannot get your own way.

Argentina gave up attending the League Assemblies in 1920 because a change in the Covenant she proposed was not accepted. Now Spain and Brazil have given notice to resign because they cannot get their own way about the League Council.

But recently Argentina has been sending delegates to some of the League committees, and now she has decided to attend the next Assembly.

Perhaps Spain and Brazil will think better of it before their two years' notice expires, but in any case to gain Germany and regain Argentina (the most progressive of all the South American Republics) is abundant compensation for losing Spain and Brazil.

CLEAN ROADS Essex Leads the Way

How often we see the best road surfaces spoiled or made dangerous by mud, earth, or other material dropped by a farmer's cart!

Everyone will welcome a new by-law of the Essex County Council forbidding any vehicle to drop mud, clay, or other material on a public highway so as to be likely to cause puncture or damage to other vehicles or passengers, or injury to the surface.

The by-law also requires all vehicles using the highway to remove mud, clay, or other material from their wheels.

The C.N. hopes the rule will quickly be copied by all local authorities.

THE BOY BRIGADERS And the Life Boys

It is good news that the Boys Brigade and the Boys Life Brigade have amalgamated: where there is one spirit there should be one body.

Between them the two organisations have a hundred thousand members among two thousand local companies.

The new organisation will be called the Boys Brigade, while the junior sections will be known as Life Boys. There is a great gain in having a handy name, and it will be pleasant to hear the members saying proudly: "I am a Boy Brigader," or "I am a Life Boy." We hope this amalgamation will be the forerunner of others. Union is strength.

IMPRESSING THE NATIVES

Boys took a very impressive part in a health exhibition held in Bombay.

Some of them were dressed as rats and gave a demonstration of how disease is carried by these rodents, while others, dressed as mosquitoes, showed how that insect inflicts its poisonous bites.

It was hoped in this way to fix in the native mind the large part played by rats and mosquitoes in spreading disease.

PACIFIC TRAFFIC Will it Equal the Atlantic?

Sir Alfred Yarrow, the great ship-builder, says he would be surprised if in time there were not as much traffic across the Pacific Ocean as there is now across the Atlantic Ocean.

This bold prophecy is based on the wonderful national resources of Canada, it being apparently assumed that for a long time to come Canada will be able to spare a much greater proportion of her natural resources for export than the United States can.

Another interesting point made by Sir Alfred is his warning to the shipping companies against launching out on the construction of new liners a thousand feet long for the Atlantic trade. Their size and the speed required of them add enormously to their cost, and people who want speed badly enough to pay the charges required will soon be going by airships or aeroplanes instead.

GATHERING OF THE BIRDS When the Swallows Homeward Fly

With the wonderful instinct that guides them everywhere, swallows annually migrate at the end of our summer to warmer climes.

Nature-lovers were recently fascinated by the sight of hundreds of swallows congregating for flight at Exhall, near Nuneaton. Observers saw the birds assembling from many directions. They perched in trees, on housetops, and on wireless aerials, more than a hundred sitting on one wire.

Then, apparently without any signal, all the swallows rose and took their flight toward the South, to sojourn in a warmer and sunnier land.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE TUG-OF-WAR Disappointment for a Hundred Sturdy Railwaymen

It was certainly a fine idea to arrange a tug-of-war between an elephant and a team of sturdy railwaymen; only one essential condition was forgotten.

There was a great assembly of railwaymen at Belle Vue Gardens, Manchester, for an annual picnic. Belle Vue has a fine Zoo, as C.N. readers know, and the idea of a tug-of-war against its largest elephant was very popular. It was judged that to make a fair match a hundred railwaymen would be needed.

The hundred men were duly selected and marshalled, all eager for the struggle; but the promoters had forgotten to obtain the elephant's consent. He was brought out and duly attached to his end of the rope. But, on the word Go, instead of pulling against them he backed toward them.

No exhortation would change his mind. He backed and backed till he was once more in his own private quarters, and the hundred men had to turn disconsolately away to other entertainments.

TWO ADVENTURERS

Two young Frenchwomen have done an adventurous thing.

Their names are Marthe Oulié and Hermine de Saussure; one of them is a student of Greek antiquities, and both love the sea.

One day they set sail all alone in their little yacht, the Perlette, and cruised past Delos and Naxos, across the Aegean to Samos, up the Asiatic shore to Lesbos, and past Imbros and Samothrace round to Mount Athos. They had many strange and delightful experiences, and one of them actually set foot on the landing-stage of Vatoedi, where no woman has been allowed for fourteen centuries because the soil is sacred.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 16 1926

God Give Us Common Sense

No one can say just now that our country is as happy and prosperous as it might reasonably expect to be eight years after the end of the Great War. It is our own fault. We have not used our chances of well-being as wisely as Germany has used hers. Why is that? The defeated nation has set the victorious nations a great example.

The chief reason for the difference is that the practical German race, realising its desperate state, settled steadily to strive for recovery without frittering away its strength in quarrels that harm everybody and help nobody. Everybody knows that from quarrels which lead on to stubborn strife and disunion no good can possibly come.

Yet as British people we have long prided ourselves on our common sense. We have a good right to that pride. Again and again when we have been appealed to as a nation, and have put our opinion into the ballot-box, we have shown a sounder judgment as a people than the most crafty political wiseacres pulling wires.

We believe that the good sense of the nation as a whole is as trustworthy today as ever it was. But the strife-makers, the country's very greatest enemies, more harmful to us than a foreign foe can ever be, have been busier than usual, and the results are seen around us in the partial paralysis of nearly all our industries. Is it not time that common sense was tried?

Who can fail to see, for example, that if ordinary common sense had been brought to bear on the coal question, before those who were spoiling for a fight had had their way, there would not have been a stoppage? It was only common sense that was wanted. Both sides would have felt, as those who are outside the disastrous strife feel, that out of obstinate antagonism nothing can come except loss, suffering, ill-feeling, resentment, national weakness, and a dreary outlook for us all.

But, happily, it is never too late to face the facts squarely with honest good feeling, and to use common sense in warding off the bitter evils of sterile strife; and if those who leap to the use of the weapons of warfare have not sense enough to restrain themselves there should be a power in the State, authorised to stop the strife for the good of the State. The whole is greater than a part, and our country is greater than any of its industries, or any of its classes, or any of its parties.

Let us pray that the greatest asset of our race may come now to our aid. Let us pray for Common Sense.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Admiralty Takes a Right Turning

IT is eighteen months since the C.N. asked the Admiralty and the Air Ministry to find some better way of naming our submarines and airships.

Imagine, we said, anything so superb as an airship being called R 34! Imagine a submarine, the ocean wonder, taking life where no life was, being called G 7! Think of Columbus sailing to find America in V 3, or the Pilgrim Fathers seeking their paradise in S 9!

Our language is not so poor that we must descend to these inanities. The Fleet owes its popularity largely to the fine, high-sounding names of our ships.

It is good to see that at last a beginning has been made, and a submarine has been properly named for the first time. It is a rather feeble name, for Oberon, King of the Fairies, has little in common with submarines. We should have thought some name like Voyager, Octopus, Sea-lion, Shark, or Flying Fish, much more appropriate. But any new way is better than the old way, and the names will soon improve. It is one more step in the right direction.

His Duty Done

This is how Francis of Assisi left the world seven hundred years ago this month.

Two days before his death he asked to be stripped of all his clothes, and to be put on the ground that he might die in the arms of My Lady Poverty. "I have done my duty," he said; "may Christ now teach you yours." Then they put him back in his bed. It was on the night of October 3, 1226, that he breathed his last, praising God to the end, and with his songs were mingled those of the little birds he loved so well, for we are told that a great multitude of larks "came above the roof of the house wherein he lay, and, flying a little way off, did make a wheel after the manner of a circle round the roof, and by their sweet singing did seem to be praising the Lord along with him."

Debts

A FRIENDLY editor who lives on the other side of the water has been thinking it over.

If Europe will only stop drinking, he says, it can easily pay its debt to America.

We agree; but even if she goes on drinking America can never pay her debt to Europe.

The Shame of a Nation

WE read that four-fifths of the Portuguese nation are still unable to read or write, and that thousands of villages are without schools.

We should not be surprised if the number of Portuguese revolutions were soon to exceed the number of Portuguese schools.

The Umbrella on the Crane

AN old friend of ours has been remembering the old days, some of them farther back than 1850. He is Professor Henry Adams, whose career as a civil engineer has given him this little memory:

Fifty years ago tall hats and frock coats were the everyday dress of the business man. But what would one say nowadays to see a man dressed thus perched on the jib-head of a weighing crane with an umbrella in his hand, as I have been many a time when examining the knife-edges of the steel-yards? I generally carried an umbrella with me, and took it wherever I went, up ladders or down wells.

Truly times have changed; there are certainly fewer umbrella men.

Tip-Cat

FRANCE is solving her financial problems. She has abolished 154 tax-collectors.

A WRITER asks: What makes the sea so many fascinating colours? Why, the artists are always painting it.

WASPS are said to be the friends of man. That accounts for man's proverb: Save me from my friends.

News from Athens:

PROFESSOR TRIANDAPHYLOPOULOS has resigned and is succeeded by M. Tsitsekis, who was in the Michalakopoulos Cabinet. Familiar in our mouths as household words, as Shakespeare said.

IT is not true that the King is to confer on the lady swimmers of the Channel the Order of the Bath.

PETER PUCK apologises to A.N.L. and regrets that he does not know how often the bed of a river changes its water sheet.

ABDUL KRIM has taken twenty wives to share his exile. He will hardly miss the war in Morocco.

THE ocean bed near St. Helena has risen two miles. It must have thought it was time to get up.

PUNCH is giving up Drink. It is enough to make his dog laugh.

DURHAM CASTLE is on the point of collapse. Nobody will pay for its keep.

The Trumpets Sounding

My marks and other scars I carry with me will be witness for me that I have fought His battles Who now will be my Rewarder. So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

Quoted from Bunyan on the War Memorial Stone in Canada's Parliament House.

Old and New Kings

By Our Country Girl

THE old king was dying,
And all round his bed
The winds had come sighing:
"The old king is dying;
The old king is dead!"

HE once was attended
By beauty and light.
His retinue splendid
Like sunset has ended,
Has ended in Night.

BUT short is woe's season;
Men turn from his bier,
For sorrow is treason
And grief is unreason:
The new king is here.

PROUD trumpets are crying,
The storm beats a drum,
Red banners are flying:
Though Summer is dying,
The Autumn has come!

The Pigtail Beautiful

THERE are still, we are glad to say, many schoolgirls left who have long hair. How beautiful they are, walking through the serried ranks from the bobbing barber!

Yet these thick, shining plaits of theirs live like Damocles. If it is not a sword which hangs over them it is a pair of shears. At any moment their owners may decide to cut them off without a shilling!

But a distinguished writer has just said something about cropped heads which may save a few of those pretty pigtails. He says that the war has left us feeling lazy, and that women cut their hair off because they are too slack to keep long hair clean, shining, and neat. At the same time he owns that he would probably be just as lazy if he were a girl, and would "bob or bingle or bangle or mangle" his hair like the rest, and detest the bother of coiling it into patterns.

"But (continues Mr. Chesterton) it is much more of a high and creative art to coil it into patterns. There is more of the constructive soul of civilisation, of the thing that makes high cities and statues and glorious gardens, in the action of any peasant girl braiding her hair for a village fête than in half-a-dozen duchesses shrieking in a chorus that they have cut off their hair because it was a bother."

There is doubtless a case for cropped hair, but there is a real case for the hair that has been one of the crowning glories of the ages.

Battles and Prayers

I believe that those who pray do more for the good of the world than those who fight; and that if the world goes from bad to worse it is because there are more battles than prayers.

DONOSA CORTES

Rest at Last

ALL I want is just to sit down. I have not sat down for 64 years, and I shall enjoy rest. There is not a soul in the world I want to abuse.

Lord Byng's last words on leaving Canada after his Governorship.

October 16, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

7

THE OLD GENTLEMAN FROM RED RIVER AT HOME AT SOUTH KENSINGTON

Dinosaur Receiving a Big
Crowd of Visitors

CHISELLING HIM OUT OF THE ROCK

The dinosaur from Canada which reached this country during the war, and has now been built up as he stood of old, is attracting crowds of interested sight-seers to his huge glass case in the Reptile Gallery at South Kensington.

This terrible lizard, as he is called, lies 15 feet long, tipped up on one side of his shell. On one side are to be seen the enormously thick legs which almost doubled under him as he walked, and at the back one sees the scaly back, the lines of the ribs, and the odd way the lower ribs on one side had crumpled under some heavy weight. On the other side of the monster the rock has been removed as far as is safe to expose the internal skeleton, of which nearly every important part is preserved.

The First Known Dinosaur

It is not his size which makes this specimen so impressive. Compared with the famous diplodocus, which is 84 feet long, he is a mere pigmy. But he is the very first known dinosaur that has retained a cast of his skin. He was obtained from the Red River, in Alberta.

The feeding-ground of prehistoric monsters, now the Rocky Mountains, was once a low-lying land of many lakes and swamps, which three times sank beneath the ancient Cretaceous Sea. This sea extended from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean.

The close of the Chalky Period, millions of years ago, marked the drawing off of the sea, and the country continued to rise until it reached an altitude of 3500 feet above sea-level. Subsequently most of the deposits of more recent age than the Cretaceous were worn away, and finally the great Ice Cap finished the levelling.

A Wilderness of Canyons

Since the Ice Age the Red Deer River has cut a trough in the prairie and has tapped the ancient burial-ground of the three-million-year-old giant lizards. "Dinosaur Land" is now a chaotic wilderness of steep canyons, ridges, and slopes, bare of soil and vegetation.

The removal of a dinosaur from his sandstone bed is a difficult task. First the surrounding rock has to be chiselled away. Then, whenever the bones are laid bare, they must be treated on the spot with shellac and enclosed in a plaster cast thick enough to ensure a safe passage down the rocks. A slide down the scarred, rocky cliff-face has now to be made, or a roadway constructed where the incline is not so steep, and the skeleton is lowered to the bottom of the ravine, where boxes are made for its reception.

Difficulties of Transport

The dinosaur now on view in London was extracted from the rock in two large masses and two smaller ones, the whole weighing about two tons. After the difficulties of transporting this huge mass of material from the cliff heights to Montreal there came the Atlantic passage, and finally the erection of special gear in the workshop of the Geological Department.

The chiselling away of the hard sandstone surroundings was a work of much delicacy, for the bones were soft and had to be hardened, and the skin of the back, wonderfully preserved, had to be exposed with the greatest care. The work of preparing the dinosaur for exhibition was expedited by a specially adapted pneumatic chisel.

WHAT WILL THE LEAGUE DO WITH IT?

THE Secretary-General of the League of Nations must be wondering what he will be able to do with the encyclopedia promised by the Chinese delegate as a present to the League.

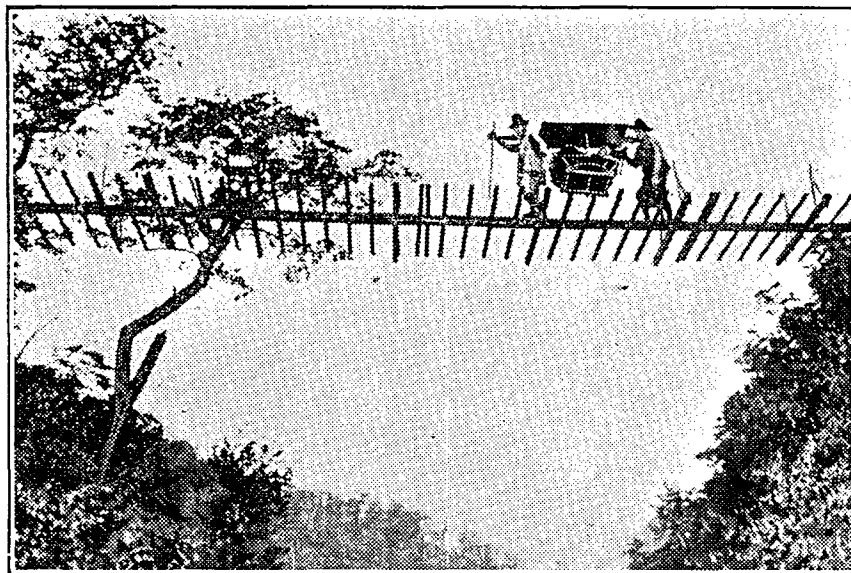
It is not clear what particular work is meant, but there are some enormous collections which go by the name in China, though they are rather libraries than encyclopedias. China was making encyclopedias a thousand years before Europe began, and on an immensely vaster scale. None of them has as yet been printed because of the cost.

The British Museum has a manuscript copy of one which runs to 745 volumes, occupying nine large bookshelves, and known as the Complete Library of the Four Divisions of Literature. If this is the work destined for Geneva in

printed form Sir Eric Drummond will be comparatively lucky. For there is another which would occupy a five-storey building instead of merely nine shelves. An eighteenth-century emperor ordered all his subjects who had books of value to lend them to be copied for his library. A commission of scholars made a selection and seven copies were made, four of which still survive.

The fact that a copy of this library has already been promised to the British Museum when printed suggests that this is what the League is to have too. But the problem of housing it is not imminent for either London or Geneva, for it is doubtful whether enough native compositors can be found, and the Chinese Treasury is not overflowing just now! But what a wonderful people!

CLIMBING A MOUNTAIN AT NINETY



The aged millionaire crossing a frail bridge



How the baron went up the mountain

The aged Japanese Baron Kihachiro Okura, who is ninety years old and is a multi-millionaire, has just travelled to the top of Mount Akashi, which is two miles high, for the purpose of viewing the spot where his ashes will be scattered to the four winds after his death

A BUILDING COMING FROM THE SKY

It is not at all uncommon to find one science lending a helping hand to another, and in the building of the great new observatory on Mont Blanc, at a height of about three miles above sea-level, the airman has come to the aid of the astronomer, as the C.N. map showed us the other day.

To raise the necessary machinery and heavy parts to such a great height was soon found to be impossible by the ordinary methods, so the French Government has lent a powerful plane to the astronomers, and several trial flights have been made. It is not even possible for the aeroplane to land on the top of the mountain, and successful experiments have been made with parachutes, to which packages contain-

ing the fragile apparatus were attached. It is said that as many as fifty flights will be required to convey the necessary materials up to the height of the new observatory, and a staff of astronomers is on the spot ready to receive them.

Special precautions are being taken to protect the instruments from the great cold, and it is hoped that regular air visits to the astronomers will be possible when the observatory is in working order. If this is possible the observers up in the snows will watch as carefully for their visiting aeroplane as the lonely lighthouse-keepers search the seas for the first sign of the ship which brings them their food and all the news of the outside world for which they long so eagerly.

THE WINGED WONDER OF THE SEA HOW THE ALBATROSS FLIES

Wing-Beats Too Quick for the
Eye Now Seen on the Film

AN OLD PROBLEM SETTLED

All who have been at sea where gulls and other birds of the deep rise all about them have been impressed by the small effort the birds have to make to keep afloat on the wind; and we have all heard the argument that these sailors of the air keep aloft without beating their pinions.

Out at sea flies the mighty albatross, the king of sea birds which soar, and there has been more debate concerning it than about any other bird. Ever since it was known the albatross has been declared to fly for hours, even whole days, without so much as the flicker of a wing. Such a thing is apparently impossible; nevertheless, travellers have always said, "Impossible or not, here it is, a fact—flight without motion of the wings."

No Flight Without Effort

At last the myth has been dispelled; the camera, which can record what the human eye is incapable of registering, has shown the albatross as speeding its flight by almost imperceptible flapping of the wings. This is in agreement with the suggestions and impressions of the few trained observers who have written on the problem, and it finally disposes of the old theory of flight without effort.

That theory had been strengthened of late by the wonderful success of aeroplanes without engines, which have glided for hours by taking advantage of air currents; but gliders come down and albatrosses do flap.

Flying Like a Meteor

Of course, the albatross does actually achieve much by gliding, and it is an incomparable flier. For days together it keeps pace with a swift steamer, but it is not content to sail straight on; it makes great circles, miles in extent, round and round the ship, swooping from time to time to snatch pieces thrown overboard.

The majestic feats of this bird are rendered possible by its unique structure. The body is quite light, but its wings are immensely long, 12 feet from tip to tip, and with these outspread it flies like a meteor through the gale and skims like gossamer in calm, taking advantage of every current of air thrown up by the tossing waves over which it glides without apparent effort.

The Ideal and the Real

To its inspiration we owe one of the finest poems in our language. All the tragedy of Coleridge's Ancient Mariner turns on the slaying by a cross-bow bolt of the bird which the sailors had loved:

*At length did cross an Albatross:
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.*

But the mariners in the poem loved an ideal bird, not an actual albatross. The real creature is a horror and doom to drowning sailors. Actually it is a scavenger, a lovely creature mounted on matchless pinions, but animated by the same instinct as the jackal and hyena, the vulture and the carrion crow. It follows the dictates of its nature in this as in all else. It does so incomparably as an airman and as a swimmer, but not, as the camera has now finally revealed, without any movement of those unparalleled wings.

TRAVELLERS ACROSS AUSTRALIA

Contentment in a Lonely Life

EDUCATION BY POST

Some months ago the C.N. mentioned the first motor trip for travellers from the south to the north of Australia, Adelaide to Port Darwin. Actual experiences of the journey are now coming to hand. One pleasure-seeker across the desert and the Never-Never Land (Mrs. T. R. Canning) describes the journey as delightful. She adds:

"There were no hardships. We travelled de luxe. We had the best of tinned meats. Stewed tinned salmon and mushrooms became a favourite dish. Sometimes we had kangaroo-tail soup. There is nothing in the trip that a woman finds at all trying."

Flowers on the Sandhills

One experience, however, as related by Mrs. Canning scarcely bears out this view. Here it is:

"In one part of the country we struck a terrific sandstorm. It was unendurable. I have never experienced anything so wretched. However, we came to a house where we were entertained royally. We grumbled whole-heartedly about the fury of the sandstorm, but the lady of the house made no complaint. She only said that it was not so bad always, and that we had no idea what pretty flowers grow on the sandhills."

The heroism of the women living on this lonely route deeply impressed the travellers. Their contentment in some cases was marvellous. When asked what they wanted their one answer was they wanted a quicker delivery of letters. Sometimes letters and newspapers reach them once a fortnight, and at other times once a month. And the next best thing was the sight of another white woman. One girl of twenty whom the travellers saw had not until quite recently seen any woman except her mother. She was pretty and intelligent, but had no wish to see city life. Life in the bush fully contented her. And some of the men who did sometimes reach the towns quickly pined for the rural solitudes.

Children of the Bush

The difficulty of educating the children reared in these wide Australian spaces is being met by correspondence schools. South Australia has about 800 schools, each with only one room and one teacher. At many schools only six or seven children attend. A school is established for an average attendance of six children.

The correspondence school worked from Adelaide since 1920, teaching children who are too far away to attend any school, has a staff of 13 revising by post the lessons of 500 lonely boys and girls. Some of these children live in lighthouses round the coast, some in the cottages of railwaymen on the desert railways, some on the vast sheep and cattle farms. These children in the bush are often very quick as learners, and 29 of them have passed the qualifying examination for entry to a high school, one winning a £60 scholarship.

SMOKING SPOILS THE VOICE

A famous Austrian throat specialist visiting America has been talking about smoking for women. He says the number of people suffering from throat affections is increasing, and smoking creates a general tendency to catarrh.

Smoking, he says, is taking away the sweet simplicity we generally associate with womanhood. It enlarges the vocal chords, and makes the voice harsh and guttural instead of soft and sweet.

DO YOU HEAR THESE CHILDREN WEeping?

One of the great evils of the caste system in India is being much discussed.

According to Hindu law and custom no widow can re-marry, no matter how young she may be when her husband dies. When it is remembered that it is customary for all girls to be married before they are thirteen, and that often marriages take place while girls are only two or three, it will be readily understood that in India there are a great many child-widows.

Often a quite middle-aged man, sometimes an old man, marries a very young girl, and when he dies she must remain a widow for the rest of her life. Often, too, among uneducated people it is believed that the death of the husband is due to some sin of his wife, either in her present or in a previous life, and she has to suffer all sorts of persecutions and indignities at the hands of her husband's relatives. Usually she becomes a household drudge, with no hopeful outlook on life and only long years of dismal servitude before her.

Working for the Widows

About a hundred years ago an Indian widow had to mount her husband's funeral pyre and was burned alive with him, but the British Government, as the result of an agitation carried on by missionaries and others, made this practice illegal. But the present condition of these widows is little better than a living death, and those who hope to see India take her full place among the civilised nations are working hard to remove the evil.

According to the census of 1921 the number of Hindu widows under five years old is 11,892; between five and ten years old 85,037; from ten to fifteen years old 232,147. That is a total of 329,076 child widows. Actual numbers can be calculated, but the amount of human misery represented by these figures is incalculable.

Justice for Women

Mr. Gandhi, who is in the forefront of this agitation for better conditions for the people of India, wishes it to be made illegal for any marriage to take place at an earlier age than fifteen. Surely that is a reasonable enough request. He also wishes a law passed to declare that the marriages of all present child-widows were never religiously binding, and to support this he points out that there is no warrant in any Hindu Scripture for child-marriage or enforced widowhood. Then he would go one step farther and make it perfectly legal, both according to Hindu law and to the law of the land, for widows to re-marry at any time.

If India is to rise to a high place among the nations it can only be when she gives justice to her women.

THE OLD NEWSPAPER ON THE TABLE

A Greenock family was about to emigrate to Canada, and their savings, £121, had been withdrawn from the bank. One sister was counting the notes the other day, and on being called away covered them with a newspaper. Another sister, seeing an old newspaper on the table, threw it on the fire, along with the notes.

A FORTUNE FOR A BIBLE

A Gutenberg Bible belonging to a convent in Austria has been sold in America for £55,000.

This is believed to be the highest price ever paid for a single printed book. The purchaser is a New York collector. Before the sale the highest price was £21,200, paid last February for a Gutenberg Bible now in Yale University.

These Bibles, of which there are now only 13 complete copies left, were printed by Gutenberg at Mainz in 1455. They were the first printed copies of the Bible, and among the first books to be printed from movable type.

THE TELEGRAM CAMERA

Something New for Old China

Chinese and Japanese telegrams are to be dealt with by photography.

There are so many quaint picture characters in the language of each country that it is impossible to use anything like the Morse code; but the original message, written in Chinese or other characters, can be photographed as it is and the photograph can be telegraphed by any of the systems now at work.

So it is that we find Edouard Belin the French inventor, now on his way to China to establish for the Chinese Post Office a service of photo-telegrams, which will at length solve the problem of that country. The telegram will be written on a form and copied in a camera which gives a print of it in raised characters.

The telegram is then wrapped round a drum which revolves like the cylinder of a phonograph, with a small steel needle tracing over the surface. As the raised characters come beneath the needle they raise it up too, and it presses against a delicate telephone microphone through which an electric current is flowing. The pressure causes the current to vary, and the variations (corresponding to the characters in the message) are delivered to the telegraph line.

At the far-off telegraph station the electric currents cause a tiny mirror to swing to and fro, and the mirror reflects a ray of light on a photographic film and actually redraws the picture.

Such a service has recently been established between Vienna and Paris.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

The total number of working days lost through the coal stoppage is now nearly 100 millions.

A twelve-year-old Sheffield girl has died from poisoning caused by eating belladonna berries picked in a wood.

Saving Matlock's Scenery

Because it disfigured Matlock's beautiful natural scenery a derelict chimney-stack has been felled and removed.

Soldiers of Senlac?

Skeletons of men believed to have been killed in the Battle of Senlac have been found at Eastbourne.

Relics of the Storm

A rucksack belonging to two young Russian climbers who disappeared in a snowstorm two years ago has been found in the Mont Blanc range of the Alps.

Good Old Age

Mr. G. Mountney, of Fiskerton, Notts, has died at 95. His father lived to be 97, his grandfather 102, and his great-grandfather 104.

A Lobster from Donegal

Six lobsters from Donegal weighing together just under a hundredweight have been sold in the Liverpool Fish Market. The largest of them was 33 inches long.

A Basket of Blackberries

Two women who gathered a dozen pounds of blackberries the other day left their baskets to help a friend, and on their return found that a cow had eaten them all.

The Strand Again

Road repairs caused a block in the Strand the other day a quarter of a mile long, and a bus took 20 minutes to travel the few yards from Charing Cross to the Adelphi Theatre.

IS THE MOON A BALL OF ICE?

The Wonder and the Glory of the Stars. By George Forbes, LL.D. (Ernest Benn, 8s. 6d.)

It would be impossible to imagine a more delightful introduction to the study of astronomy than this new book of Dr. Forbes, compiled from 200 lectures given by him.

Readers of Mr. Morrell's astronomical talks in the C.N. will find themselves familiar with the main facts that Dr. Forbes has set out, but it is delightful to have them brought together in a continuous story and illuminated by the almost lyrical enthusiasm and deep religious reverence with which Dr. Forbes deals with the evidence of Divine Purpose he sees at every turn.

We are struck by the conscientious care with which the author distinguishes between what we know, what we reasonably infer from our knowledge, and what we merely think probable or possible or even merely guess at.

A Sea of Ice

There is a charming chapter which he calls Fairy Tales by Astronomers, and there is one fairy tale for which Dr. Forbes confesses to a very special affection. It is about the origin of the seas and craters and streaks of the Moon, and he gives it a whole chapter to itself. The fascination of it is that apparently this particular fairy tale really may be true.

The Moon has only half the weight or density of an equal-sized portion of the Earth. Water is much lighter than rock, and the Moon's lightness may be due to her having an immensely greater portion of water than the Earth, a sea, say, of an average depth of 400 miles round its central rocky core. But the Moon must be so cold that this sea must now be ice.

Snowball Craters

If, then, the Moon is a globe of ice, how did it get its smooth, dark patches near the Equator, its innumerable so-called craters nearer the Pole, and the straight streak radiating half across its surface from one of its greatest craters, called Tycho? If you take a large wooden board, and allow it to be covered in freezing weather with a layer of snow, you will find that by throwing snowballs at it you can produce marks in the snow looking just like the different-shaped craters in the Moon.

Well, ages and ages ago, when the Moon was cooling, she must have begun with an outer crust of ice covering her sea. As more ice formed and expanded below this crust cracks may have been formed at its weakest part near the Equator, through which the confined waters flowed and spread and froze into smooth black ice, obliterating the snows that had fallen everywhere from the fast congealing atmosphere.

A Sudden Burst

Then, as the freezing and expansion went lower and lower in the sea, the pressure of the ice and the water below it may have become so extreme as to cause a sudden tremendous burst or explosion at, say, the spot now occupied by Tycho. That would cause the great radiating streaks like the star formed on the ice when we fall and bump our heads skating. But it would do more. It would send up vast masses of water and ice from Tycho's crater to a tremendous height. These, falling and congealing, would bombard the snow surface of the Moon in the same way as our snowballs on the snow-covered board. And meanwhile the ocean, thus relieved, would freeze solid.

And there you are! What a wonderful idea—and it may be proved by our great-great-grandchildren to be true!

PLAGUE'S WAR HORSE

THE RAT PUTS ON HIS THINKING CAP

Extraordinary Ingenuity Seen on a Ship

STOPPING UP THE DANGER-HOLES

By Our Natural Historian

Two or three rats have been able to set the papers discussing them.

The reason is twofold. In the first place, a death from plague has occurred at Liverpool; and, in the second place, the sanitary authorities of Newport have discovered that rats in the hold of a ship have learned to defend themselves against a new challenge by stopping up the entrance to their retreat with sacking against the poison-gas introduced to destroy them.

The Carrier of Plague

"Ulysses of the many devices," old Homer always called the wily valiant King of Ithaca; and the rat is the Ulysses of modern mammals. For he is full of devices and adaptations. Scientists are at work on rats with a view to prove by long-continued tests that they not only learn new methods but pass on their new cunning to their descendants. Here in this ship the rats are showing, without such trial, that they teach themselves new ways. If they should succeed all future generations would succeed in the same way.

Needless to say the rat is the sole transmitter of plague; so it makes us tremble lest he should devise a new plan of defeating the only complete scheme yet discovered to prevent his entry into our ports with the germs of death upon him. The rat is the war horse of the flea which carries the bacillus of plague; if we can keep the rat and his flea away plague cannot enter; if he masters us then plague may renew its ravages in our midst.

The Black Death

There is a dreadful fascination in the very name of plague. Until recently we knew not its source or meaning, but we did know that from the dawn of history it has decimated nations, ravaged entire continents, undermined whole civilisations. What child has not read of the Black Death which scourged Great Britain in the fourteenth century?

That was the plague which, arising in China, swept through Asia, across Europe, and passed through England, Scotland, and Ireland. It is supposed to have slain 13 million people in China and 24 million more in the East generally, and to have stripped Britain of half its population. Fifty thousand of London's plague dead lie to this day under Smithfield.

A Tale of Long Ago

That was not the only visitation of plague we had, nor the first or last that marched out of Asia, its everlasting reservoir, across Europe. One of the great literary classics is the marvellous description by Thucydides, the immortal historian of the Peloponnesian War, of the terrible plague which devastated Athens during his time in the fifth century before Jesus. He was one of the few who had the malady and recovered from it.

As in our own land our forefathers thought the plague to be a visitation direct from heaven so the Athenians thought theirs was the visible manifestation of the wrath of their gods. How else to account for it they knew not. Had anyone arisen to denounce the rat and a flea as the cause he would have been stoned or burned at the stake.

Every symptom is described by the great Greek as by a modern physician. No one has ever more vividly or more

NEVER SAY NEVER

Truth Will Out

LATE NEWS OF AN EXPLORER'S FATE

When Admiral Peary returned from his discovery of the North Pole he told how one of his supporting columns of Eskimos had returned without their leader, Professor Ross Marvin, of Cornell University. The Eskimos, he said, believed he had been accidentally drowned, but Admiral Peary in his book wrote of Professor Marvin's fate that "the manner of his death will never be precisely known."

But never is a long time; we do know today, seventeen years afterwards, how he died. The news has just been revealed.

Last year a missionary converted Marvin's companions to Christianity, and one of them has made a confession. The Danish Government, on whose territory they live, sent our friend Dr. Knud Rasmussen with the American ship Morrissey to investigate. Now both Rasmussen and Mr. George Putnam, in charge of the expedition, confirm the report of the confession.

Professor Marvin was murdered. He was preceding Peary on the southward trek with a party of Eskimos when one of these misunderstood an order, and made Marvin very angry. Marvin ordered that he should remain behind without supplies. Another Eskimo, called Koodlooktoo, realising that this meant death for his friend, shot Marvin. The two brought back the story that, walking in front of them on thin ice, he had disappeared, and must have been drowned. On being converted to Christianity, however, Koodlooktoo has now declared that his conscience troubled him, and he therefore made confession.

A HERMIT PEOPLE

Cut Off for 250 Years

It is difficult to imagine at this time of day a community of people who have had no touch with the rest of the world for 250 years. Yet that is what is reported to have been found in explorations in Eastern Siberia.

It is a community of 38 people, whose ancestors trekked eastward from Russia 250 years ago. They have kept an old form of the language and have forgotten the calendar, but still manage to keep Easter and Christmas not far from the right dates.

Politically they better both the old Russia and the new, for, having no king or president, they settle all their problems by a majority vote.

Continued from the previous column

accurately set down in language the details of such a calamity.

In fact, all subsequent writers, Greek, Latin, Italian, and English, have gone to those marvellous pages to show how this awful rat-borne scourge of mankind can overwhelm all but our own modern science, can slay more surely than bullets, spread faster than fire, laying low an army, a navy, besiegers, and besieged, destroy the greatest human genius equally with the meanest clod, and finally reduce the civilisation which Pericles crowned to a grim and dreadful disorganisation like that of a panic-stricken herd.

We are not today producing men like those who sprang up in the high noon of Greece's abounding glory, but we can check and defy plague and keep ourselves alive and healthy. The secret lies in conquering the rat which houses the plague flea; and when we learn that the little master mind of the animal world has learned a new protective trick against us we feel a moment's alarm. But here, as everywhere, knowledge is power. We have discovered the rat's wonderful new scheme, and the rest is easy.

E. A. B.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

The Dream of Columbus Comes True

On October 12, 1492, Columbus sighted America.

About two hours before midnight Columbus, standing on the fore-castle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to a page of the Queen's wardrobe. A little after midnight the joyful sound of *Land! Land!* was heard from the Pinta, which kept always ahead of the other ships.

As soon as morning dawned all doubts and fears were dispelled. The crew of the Pinta instantly began the Te Deum, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy and transports of congratulation.

They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had caused him so much unnecessary disquiet. As they approached the coast they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view.

Columbus was the first European who set foot on the new world he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand.

DR. ROBERTSON

A HOME OF MUSIC AND FAIRY TALES

Under a New Republic

"Let us take a little drive after dinner: where shall we go? Shall it be to Poland, Hungary, Rumania, or Czecho-Slovakia?"

If you are good at geography you may be able to guess where the man lives who could make this speech.

If you are not good at geography you may be surprised to learn that the tiny land is Carpathian Russia. It would be justified in describing itself, in the house agent's phrase, as centrally situated.

Carpathian Russia boasts of itself as the home of Slav folk music and fairy tales. It claims to be the cradle (though such a tiny one) of many races: the Serbs, the Croats, the Little Russians, and the Great Russians.

For a time the country was ruled by Hungary. At Versailles it was handed over to the new Republic of Czecho-Slovakia, and Mr. Stephen Graham, who visited it lately, found that the Czechs were doing much to promote education and medical knowledge.

But the people are not very grateful. Ever since the beginning of time they have gossiped, made love, and told fairy tales in their own Russian language, and they are not pleased that all the teaching in the new schools should be done in the tongue of the Czechs. They will still make love in the language they learned from their mothers.

FINDING A CRACK

A new method of finding invisible cracks or flaws in railway axles has been discovered.

As human life in railway travel depends to such a great extent on the careful examination of the wheels and axles of carriages it is likely to prove of immense importance.

The steel axle is very powerfully magnetised, so that each side of the crack becomes the pole of a magnet. The axle is then painted over with an ink containing very finely-powdered iron, and the iron is attracted to the sides of the crack (the poles of the magnet), showing the crack up very clearly.

It is a discovery of the greatest value in railway engineering.

MARS AT HIS NEAREST

THE PROBLEM OF THE CANALS

Are the Streaks Caused by Vegetation?

ORANGE-TINTED CONTINENTS

By the C.N. Astronomer

This evening, Saturday, October 16, Jupiter may be seen above and a little to the right of the Moon. By Friday, October 22, Mars will be similarly placed in relation to the Moon, but her radiance will considerably dim the apparent brightness of these two splendid planets during the week.

Jupiter is now receding from us, while Mars is approaching, so Mars will gradually become the brighter of the two, and for the next two months will be the most conspicuous object in the heavens, his rosy tint being very striking. On Wednesday, October 27, Mars will be at his nearest to us, 42,620,000 miles away, the nearest of all the heavenly host, the Moon excepted.

At present Jupiter is about ten times as far away as Mars, but seen through a telescope Mars appears only half the width of Jupiter; their relative sizes are shown in the picture.

Mars is a lovely little world to gaze upon through a powerful telescope. The broad belt of his orange-tinted con-



The relative apparent sizes of Jupiter and Mars at the present time

tinents encircles his sphere almost to his white polar caps. But Mars has nothing corresponding to our Atlantic and Pacific Oceans or the vast waste of waters that encircles the Earth's south polar area. Most of the Martian seas appear to encircle his poles, and only narrow seas, like the Syrtis Major, resembling the Red Sea, extend toward his equatorial zone. Others, resembling the Mediterranean in both size and approximate shape, separate the vast areas of reddish, and what is believed to be arid, desert composing most of that little world.

But across these apparently desert continents extend those singular greyish streaks, the so-called canals. Most remarkable is the fact that each streak runs straight from point to point, usually from one greenish-grey area to another, crossing each other at angles, and often producing an oasis-like area resembling a lake where the lines meet.

Vegetation or Water?

These were once regarded as lakes, but now they are considered by many expert observers to be regions of vegetation; and so are most of the pale, greenish-grey regions once regarded as seas.

The so-called canals are also generally regarded as stretches of vegetation, covering irrigated areas which extend from one water area to another. These regions are subject to change both in outline and tint, varying often with the Martian seasons; and the few much more deeply-tinted portions of bluish-grey may be regarded as seas.

These, like the Syrtis Major, are sharper in outline and are permanent features of the planet, only occasionally hidden by Martian clouds.

These and other evidences incline many astronomers to the belief that these greenish-grey areas and the canal streaks are artificial regions of vegetation produced by an economical use of water by intelligent beings. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning Venus low in the east. In the evening Jupiter south, Uranus south-east, Mars east by south-east.

S.O.S.

What Has Happened Before

Jim Selby receives a wireless call for help from the explorer Upton in Central Brazil. He begs Jim to get into touch with Professor Thorold.

Jim and his friend Sam Lusty at once start off, but have trouble with Stephen Gadsden, who pursues them in his motor-launch. They elude him, and hurry on, and presently are able to rescue a drowning boy.

When at last they arrive at the Professor's house they are refused admittance.

CHAPTER 6

An Unexpected Meeting

SAM looked at Jim in blank amazement.

"The chap's loony!" he said. "Not he!" replied Jim. "Gadsden's man has got ahead of us and warned them all against us."

Sam pursed his lips in a mournful whistle.

"So that's how the land lies," he said slowly.

Jim stood gazing at the closed door, frowning slightly.

"We've got to get hold of Thorold some way or another," he said slowly. "I suppose we shall just have to hang round and wait."

Before Sam could answer the door was flung open again and the sleek-headed man stepped out into the porch.

"Clear out!" he ordered angrily. "You're trespassing on private property, and that's something you can be took up for. If you aren't outside the front gate in two minutes I give you my word I'll ring up the police."

Jim sprang forward. "I've come fifty miles to see Professor Thorold and it's urgent," he said earnestly.

The sleek-headed man looked at Jim. "What's it about?" he asked. "His nephew," Jim answered quickly. "His nephew in Brazil. I have a message from him for Professor Thorold."

A grin curled the lips of the sleek-headed man.

"So that's the game, is it?" he jeered. "Then I'll tell you that we've had the message already, and the gentleman who brought it warned Mr. Thorold as you two lads was coming after with some lying story. Now get right out, and my advice to you is to go back quick where you came from, before you get into real trouble."

Jim's temper was hot, and, though he generally had it under control, now it cracked.

"You idiot!" he cried, springing forward. "It's the first man who was lying, not we. Let me see the Professor for one minute, and I'll convince him."

"You'll see the inside of Barnstaple gaol, that's what you'll see," retorted the other, and as he spoke his hand shot out and, striking Jim in the chest, sent him spinning back. If Sam had not caught him he would have fallen on the gravel. Then for a second time the door crashed to.

Sam, usually so placid, was raging. "Come out!" he roared. "Come out, you bully! I'll fight you!" "Stop it, Sam," said Jim sharply. "That sort of thing won't help. It serves me right for losing my temper and abusing the man. After all, he was only doing his duty. No doubt he had his orders from the Professor."

At that moment three boys came through the gate. When they saw Jim and Sam they stopped. "Why, here they are!" exclaimed one of them in a tone of great surprise. He ran forward. "You beauties!" he cried, laughing. "We've been combing the whole town for you!"

Jim stared a moment; then suddenly recognised the fair-haired youngster who had pointed out the boy who was drowning. And of the rest, one was his friend, the other the rescued boy.

The Wireless Mystery

By T. C. Bridges

The fair-haired boy seized Jim's hand. "Here he is, Greg. Here's your rescuer. Say Thank-you nicely."

The boy called Greg stepped forward quickly.

"You might have given me the chance before," he said in a rather hurt voice. "I should have been drowned for certain if you hadn't been so jolly smart."

"I—I'm glad we happened to be there," replied Jim, rather confused.

"Lots of people might have been where you were without doing me any good," returned Greg. "It was your diving and the way your pal handled the boat that saved me. I do think you might have waited till I came round, so that I could thank you."

"You were in good hands," said Jim. "And Lusty and I were in a big hurry."

"Lusty's his name, is it? A jolly good one too," said Greg.

"Took a lousy chap to lug a great lump like me into a small boat." He grabbed Sam's hand and shook it heartily. "Now I'd like to know your name," he said to Jim.

"Selby," Jim Selby, replied Jim, smiling. He liked this pleasant, cheery-faced young fellow.

"Well, I can't help how busy you are, Selby," said Greg, "you and Lusty have got to come up to the house and meet my dad."

Sam spoke up. "Is this your house?" he demanded sharply.

"Why, yes," replied Greg, rather surprised at Sam's tone. "Any objection?"

"Only we've just been chucked out of it," said Sam gruffly.

"Been chucked out of it?" repeated Greg in amazement, and his two friends looked equally surprised.

"We came here to see Professor Thorold," Jim explained. "But a black-haired man who came to the door wouldn't let us in, and threatened us with the police."

Greg turned to his two friends. "You'd better be off, you chaps," he said. "There's something funny here, and I've got to settle it."

"Well, mind you do, Greg," said the fair-haired boy. "For if you don't we will. These two stout lads deserve well of you."

"I know it," said Greg earnestly. "I'll look after them. Good-night."

CHAPTER 7

False Pretences

THE two cleared off, leaving Greg with Jim and Sam.

"I'm Professor Thorold's son," said Greg. "If you want to see him, I'll take you straight to him."

Jim hesitated. "Perhaps I'd better explain first," he said.

"No; you come right in," said Greg. "I'll warrant there won't be any more trouble."

It was the sleek-headed man who opened the door, and the expression on his face when he saw Greg's companions was so funny that Jim nearly laughed.

"You can't bring these fellows in, Mr. Gregory," he said. "They're wrong 'uns, sir. The master's been warned against them."

"Well, they saved me from drowning less than an hour ago," said Greg dryly. "So, wrong 'uns or right 'uns, they're coming in."

Jarvis's jaw fell. He looked so dismayed that Jim had to bite his lip to stop himself from bursting out laughing.

"They never told me that, sir. They said they wanted to see the master, and the master's had warning that two boys might come here this evening with a cock-and-bull story about Mr. Alan."

"Well, you've made a bloomer this time, Jarvis," said Greg Thorold. "Come on, you chaps, and see Dad."

Jim stopped. "Is Alan Upton your cousin?" he asked.

"He is; but what do you know about him?"

"A good deal," replied Jim. "And before we go any farther I

want to say straight out that I have a message from him, and that it's because of that message I want to see your father."

"There, I told you so, Mr. Greg," put in Jarvis.

A puzzled look crossed Greg's face, but passed in a moment.

"I don't care a bit," he said stubbornly. "They saved my life, and this chap"—pointing to Jim—"you can see for yourself, Jarvis, is still soaking wet from diving into the sea after me. Not the sort of thing a wrong 'un would do. Who gave the warning?"

At this moment the door of a room opening on the hall swung back, and two men came out. The first was a square-shouldered, stoutly-built man, with a big head and a strong, clever face. He looked about fifty, had a high, bald forehead and a closely-cut dark beard streaked with grey. The other, small and skinny, with a very pale face, long nose, and hair so light it was almost white, made Jim think at once of a white rat.

CHAPTER 8

Jim Begins to Understand

AT sight of the boys the small man stepped quickly forward. "I told you so, Mr. Thorold," he said, in a thin, sharp voice. "These are the boys I warned you against."

"I thought I told you not to let them in, Jarvis," said Professor Thorold, and his big voice boomed like a drum.

"I let them in, Dad," said Gregory Thorold quickly.

"I don't know anything about this warning, but I'll tell you straight that if it hadn't been for them I'd have been at the bottom of the bay this minute. I swam out too far this afternoon, and the tide caught me. I was absolutely done in when these chaps came up, and Selby here dived after me and got me out. They took me to the beach and handed me over to Dick and Harry Neale, and then went off without even waiting for me to thank them. I've been hunting for them all over Appledore, and then I meet them coming out of the gate here, wet and cold and hungry."

Greg rattled all this out almost in one breath. His cheeks were rather red and his eyes very bright. His father's thick eyebrows rose as he listened; and he breathed deeply. Then suddenly he swung round on the rat-like man.

"Mr. Roland, my son's story does not tally with yours," he said in his deep, booming voice. "You told me that these were two disreputable boys who had listened to your sending and meant to get money from me on false pretences."

"False pretences!" broke in Sam hotly. "The boot's on the

other foot. It's Gadsden's been listening to Jim while he talked to this chap in Brazil."

Professor Thorold turned to Sam. "What's this about Gadsden, boy? What do you know of him?"

"Why, he lives in the big house just above ours at Polcapple," replied Sam. "And this fellow's name isn't Roland. It's Sneed, and he's Gadsden's man."

Sneed's pasty face turned dull yellow, and he shrank away. The Professor fixed his eyes on the wretched man, and Jim felt that he would hate to have to face such a glare.

"Can you deny this?" demanded the Professor in a voice that was a very good imitation of distant thunder.

Sneed seemed to shrivel under the accusing eyes.

"I—I—it's a mistake," he stammered; then, all of a sudden, he made a dart back into the room from which he had just come and banged the door behind him.

The rest were so amazed that for a second or two no one moved. Greg was the first to recover, and, springing to the door, turned the handle. "Locked!" he cried, as he tugged at it uselessly.

"The French window is open," said his father. "He has no doubt gone out that way."

Greg turned to make for the front door, but his father shot out a long arm and caught him.

"Let him go!" he boomed.

"Let him go back to his master," said Sam, with a grin.

"He won't find him at home," said Sam, with a grin.

"Why not, boy?" demanded the Professor.

"Because Sam and I left him hard aground off Sharpnose Point, sir," said Jim.

"Explain," demanded the Professor; but Greg spoke up.

"Selby is still soaking, Dad, and he oughtn't to be standing about in wet clothes. Let me find him a change, and you shall hear all about it at supper."

"Right," agreed his father.

"But be quick, for supper will be ready in ten minutes."

Greg found a suit of good grey flannels for Jim, and Jim came down feeling so warm and comfortable and smart he hardly knew himself. At the bottom of the stairs he met Mrs. Thorold, and he was introduced. She was so kind that he felt at home at once. Then they went in to supper.

Eager as he was to hear Jim's story, the Professor courteously refused to let him speak until he had finished. Then Jarvis brought in coffee, and Jim began. Jim told the whole story from his first getting into touch with Upton, and the Professor and his son and Mrs. Thorold listened with the greatest interest. The only interruption was a great burst of laughter from the Professor when Jim told how they had left Gadsden hard and fast on the shoal.

The moment Jim finished the Professor spoke.

"Alan Upton is my nephew," he said. "I sent him out to search for this hidden city in Brazil, which he was to reach, if possible, by aeroplane, and where, I believe, will be found relics which will give the history of the Hulas, the race who lived in that country long before the Incas. I am most grateful to you, my boy, for getting me into touch with Alan, and equally so for saving me from being hoaxed by this man of Gadsden's."

Jim spoke up.

"Why is Gadsden so keen, sir? He is not interested in old races."

The Professor's lips curled.

"Old races!" he repeated. "If you had said new money you would be more correct. Alan and I have reason to believe that this hidden city is, perhaps, the richest place on Earth. It is love of gold that draws Gadsden, not knowledge. And let me tell you this," he boomed out; "there is very little that Gadsden will stick at to lay his greedy hands on the ancient treasures of the Hulas."

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

Thady

THADY the piper was coming from a wedding one day in the time when there were seven kings in Ireland. His bagpipes were slung over his short broad back, and his pockets were sticking out this way and that with the bread, meat, and pudding which people had given him for his services.

He had sooner be paid that way than with silver, for Thady had a grand appetite on him always.

A stout, stocky little fellow was the piper; though his foot might be heavy and his head only reach to the shoulder of his youngest brother he had a grand chest for the bagpipes. Up the mountain roads and down the rocky glens and along the bogs went Thady at a dog's trot, and at last he came to a grassy road that led between the shores of a lough on one side and a forest on the other. It would be a nice place to dine in, thought Thady; but barely had he taken his seat when there was a rustle in the bushes and out leaped three wolves from the forest, and hunkered down beside him.

It is better to be alone than to have bad company.

Their green eyes glared at him, their red tongues curled round their flashing teeth; every time that Thady looked at them they seemed to grow larger. What was he to do at all?

He could neither swim the lough nor climb a tree.

"I'll try kindness first," said Thady.

He divided the bread into three, and threw it to them. Snap! They swallowed it. He divided the meat; in three mouthfuls it was gone.

Now came the pudding. In a minute they were licking their great, black lips to catch the last crumb.

"Be aisy now!" said Thady. "A man can give no more than what he has got!"

But the three wolves came closer, and sat down again, snarling in their throats. They wanted more.

In a poor case would Thady have been had not the great idea seized him. He took his bagpipes and let out such a blast on them, it was as if a herd of pigs, or a flock of peacocks, or all the banshees in Erin were uplifting their voices in a never-ending yell.

The wolves it was that gave the lepp when they heard those strains. Themselves it was that raised their snouts to heaven and howled as if the life would leave them, till the spell broke and their courage gave, and away into the forest they went with their tails between their legs, as fast as feet could carry them.

"Bad luck go with you!" said Thady, shaking his fist after them. "If I had known what a wonderful fine ear for music you had got I would have played you the tune first before parting with my dinner!"

£60,000

Although that is not the highest price ever paid for a picture it is the biggest sum ever paid for a picture by Romney. The picture appears, by courtesy of Sir Joseph Duveen, printed in colours on the cover of My Magazine for November, now on sale everywhere. It is on the bookstalls for all to admire, a worthy introduction to the Realm of Gold within the Magazine itself. Here are a few of the contents of My Magazine:

The Marvellous Life of a Country Boy

From the Centre of Our Island to the Summit of Mankind

What a Romantic Empire It Is

Two of Its Interesting People Meet

English Life a Century Ago

The World is Better and Better A Little Fellow Toiling for Us All

How Brains are Driving Him Out of Business

Trustee for the Wild World

Is Man Faithful to His Trust?

Lonely Islands of the Pacific

Photogravure Pictures of Life in the South Sea Islands

The collection of articles, stories, poems, puzzles, and pictures in colours and photogravure is the most unique found in any magazine. The price is One Shilling. Ask for

MY MAGAZINE

Edited by Arthur Mee



Many Happy Returns if it is Your Birthday



DI MERRYMAN

"PEOPLE say hard things about us tramps," moaned Weary Willy to the householder who had just turned him away; "but there is one thing you should always remember in our favour."

"What is that?"
"We never take part in labour disputes."

Two Points of View

As a Pheasant shot off with a whizz,
Quoth the Squire "Here's a terrible biz!"
My breechloader is stuck!"
Clucked the Pheasant "What luck!"
I am sure I don't care if it is!"

A Riddle in Rhyme

WITH all things I'm found, yet to nothing belong;
Though a stranger to crowds, yet I'm still in a throng;
And though foreign to music and all its soft powers,
In songs and in epigrams, ladies, I'm yours;
Though a friend to true glory, I'm ne'er in renown;
Though no kingdom's without me, I hold not a crown;
Both with kings and with beggars my birthright I claim,
But enough has been told to discover my name. *Answer next week*

Do You Live at Clifton?

CLIFTON simply means cliff town, a reference to the position of the town on a height.

WHAT is that which has a mouth, but never speaks; a bed, but never sleeps in it? A river.

Peace at Any Price

A LADY was walking along a road when a boy rushed round the corner and nearly bumped into her. "You should be more careful," she said. "Why are you in such a hurry?"
"I want to stop two boys fighting," replied the boy breathlessly.

"Well, perhaps I could persuade them to be friends," said the lady. "Who are they?"
"Another fellow and myself," said the boy as he dashed off again.

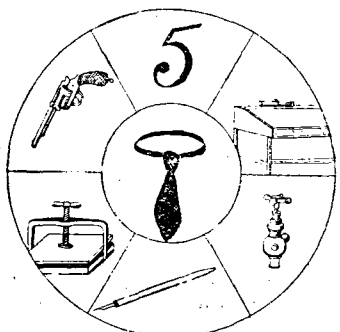
The Farmer's Lament

THE farmer leads no EC life,
The CD grows may rot,
And when at EV rests from strife
His bones all AK a lot.

WHAT is the surest way of finding a man out?
Call at his house when he is not in.

WHAT is the difference between a blacksmith and a safe steed?
One is a horse-shoer and the other is a sure horse.

A Picture Puzzle



When you have found the names of the objects in this picture take two consecutive letters from each name, and these, when arranged in correct order, will spell a name by which a commercial traveller is often called. Can you find out what it is? *Solution next week*

Anything to Oblige

OUTSIDE a provincial railway-station a loudly-dressed youth said to an old cab-driver:
"I say, cabby, I had to change at this wretched station, and I have an hour to wait. Will you drive me all round your little town?"
"With pleasure," replied the cab-driver, "if I can find some harness to fit you."

WHEN would a sailor feel very small?
If he went to sleep in his watch.

Do You Know Me?

I'M a strange contradiction; I'm new and I'm old,
I'm often in tatters, and oft decked with gold.
I'm always in black, and I'm always in white;
I'm grave and I'm gay, I am heavy and light.
In form, too, I differ; I'm thick and I'm thin,
I've no flesh and no bone, yet I'm covered with skin;
I've more points than the compass, more stops than the flute;
I sing without voice; though I speak I am mute. *Answer next week*

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Heads and Tails

P-ear, clove-r, o-live, boar-r, r-ail, sea-l, c-rook, rave-n.

What Is It? Wireless

A Double Acrostic in Pictures

FLAG
Loggia
OAR
WOOD
ERIE
RAIN

Who Was He?

The Most Famous English Painter was Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Jacko Finds a New Pet

JACKO was wildly excited when he heard that a travelling menagerie was coming to Monkeyville. He saved up his pocket-money for weeks beforehand so as to have plenty to spend when the time came.

But unfortunately the menagerie met with an accident on the road. Nobody knew exactly what happened, but notices were pasted up all over the town saying that the visit had been postponed.

And no wonder! The truth of the matter was that some of the animals had escaped.

Of course, Jacko didn't know that, and he had the shock of his life when he was out for a walk one day and came across an elephant.

"I must be dreaming!" he exclaimed, blinking his eyes.

But he wasn't, as he very soon found out. The elephant made a trumpeting noise and came gambolling up to him.

Jacko was much too frightened to run away. He stood rooted to the spot, firmly believing that his last hour had come. But the elephant meant him no harm. It was rather hungry, and when it put its trunk in Jacko's pocket and found some biscuits there it became very friendly indeed.

Jacko was delighted. He began to wonder how he could take the creature home, and where he could keep it.

"I'll have it as a pet," he said to himself. "My word! Won't the other chaps be jealous! They've only got rabbits."



It helped itself to an apple and gave Jacko one

The elephant certainly didn't seem to want to part with its new friend. It suddenly shot out its trunk, seized Jacko round the waist, and swung him up on its back. Then it moved off slowly down the road.

Jacko was tremendously excited. But when they reached the town the elephant began to get excited too. It waved its trunk and sniffed the air suspiciously, and Jacko began to wish he were on his own legs once more.

The people were terrified when they saw them coming, and the streets cleared as if by magic. But the elephant quieted down a bit when it saw the things in the shops. It helped itself to the fruit outside the greengrocer's, and once it reached up its trunk and gave Jacko an apple!

But all good things come to an end; and when the firemen arrived with the hose to drive the elephant away Jacko's little day was over. He was drenched to the skin in half a minute. The elephant at last took to its heels, and Jacko was pitched headlong over a garden wall.

"Coo! I think I'd rather keep rabbits!" he said, as he picked himself up, and wandered off home.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

The Language Everybody Knows

Unlike other composers, Haydn travelled very little, and England was the only country he visited outside Austria.

When he first suggested travelling to England Mozart, who was like a son to him, held up his hands in horror.

"You have had no education for the wide world," he cried, "and you speak too few languages."

But Haydn had a ready answer.

"My language is understood all over the world," he answered with a smile.

La Langue que Tout le Monde Connait

À l'encontre des autres compositeurs Haydn voyageait rarement, et l'Angleterre fut le seul pays qu'il visitât en dehors de l'Autriche.

Lorsque Haydn aborda la question du voyage en Angleterre, Mozart, qui lui vouait une affection filiale, leva les mains avec horreur.

"Vous n'avez pas suffisamment d'éducation pour affronter le monde," s'écria-t-il, "et vous parlez trop peu de langues."

Mais Haydn avait une réponse toute prête:

"La langue que je parle se comprend dans le monde entier," répondit-il en souriant.

Tales Before Bedtime

Larks in London

GRANNY MAYNE was very old. She sat by the fire most of the day and was nearly always knitting. She was a marvel to eight-year-old Arthur, for dear old Granny Mayne was quite blind.

She would often tell Arthur of the country in which she had lived when a little girl.

"Lovely little birds called larks used to sing when we played in the hayfields," she said. "How I should love to hear them singing again!"

One evening, as Arthur was coming home from school, he saw by the pavement a man who, with two fingers in his mouth, was whistling away like a real bird. All the birds of the country seemed to have come to town, blackbirds, thrushes, and larks!

When he stopped Arthur, who had never heard a lark sing, rushed up to him and asked, "I say, what were the birds you did last, please?"

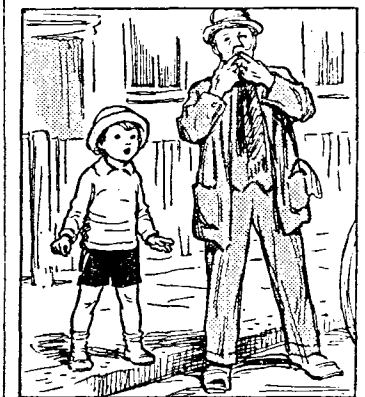
"Those were larks, sonny," said the man.

"What lovely things larks must be!" said Arthur with admiration. "How well you whistle! I wonder if you could do something for my blind Granny," he went on. "She can't see anything to remind her of the country, where she was born, but if only you could let her hear you whistle like that she would be so pleased."

He was a very kind man and agreed that Granny Mayne should hear her larks again.

"Granny!" cried Arthur, when they reached his home, "Granny dear, I've brought home a man who's going to whistle larks to you."

Granny smiled and shook her head. Arthur did not know

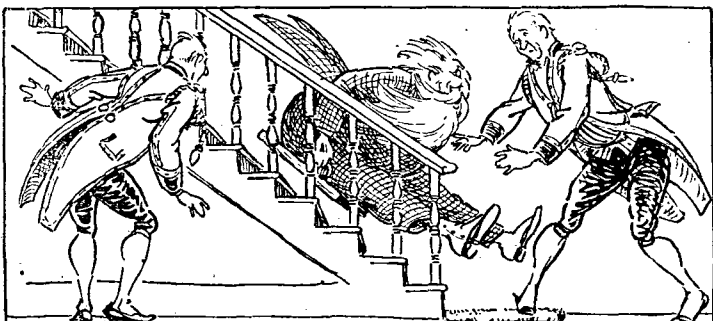


The birds had come to town

that no man could imitate one, she thought to herself.

However, when the man began to whistle very low and soft she dropped her knitting and lifted her head. "Thrushes," she murmured. Then the man whistled gaily like a blackbird and trilled like a lark, till tears of happiness ran down Granny Mayne's cheeks to hear all her beautiful birds singing once more.

The Wrong Place for Winter Sports



A WORTHY old fellow of Ayr
Tobogganed all day down the stair.
He would chuckle and sing, it was hardly the thing,
But the happy old man didn't care.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

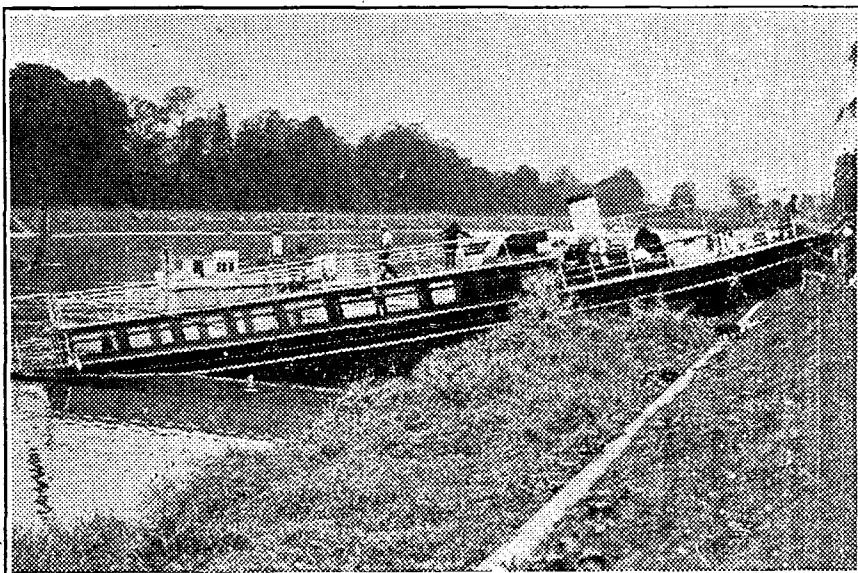
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

October 16, 1926

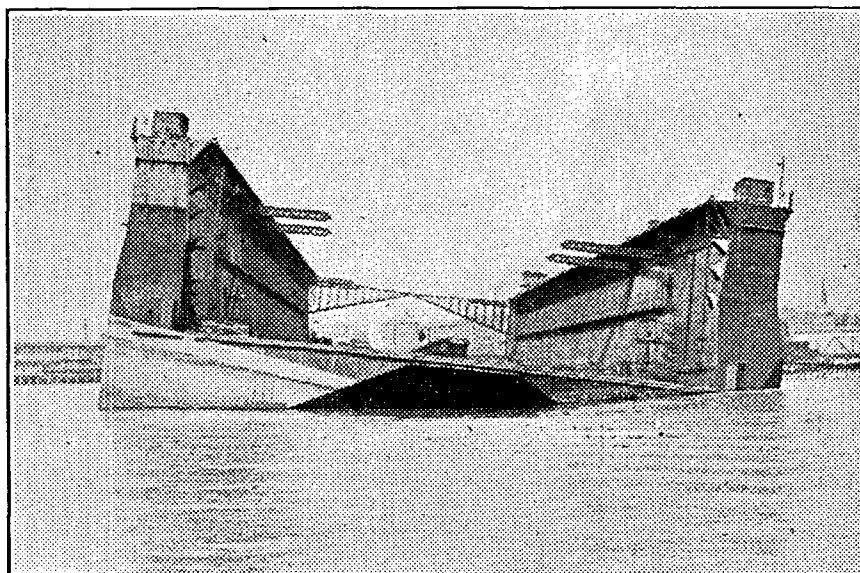
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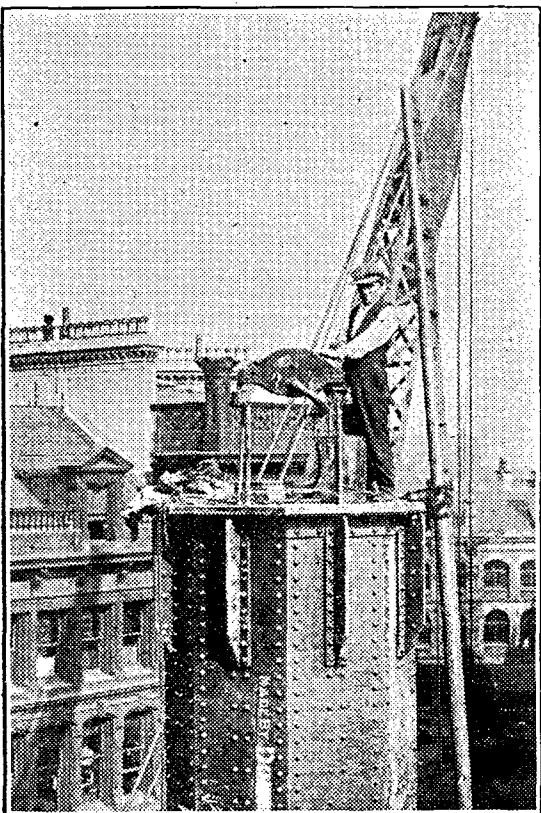
TILTING A FLOATING DOCK • DIVING ON A CANOE • FIREMAN'S BULL'S-EYE



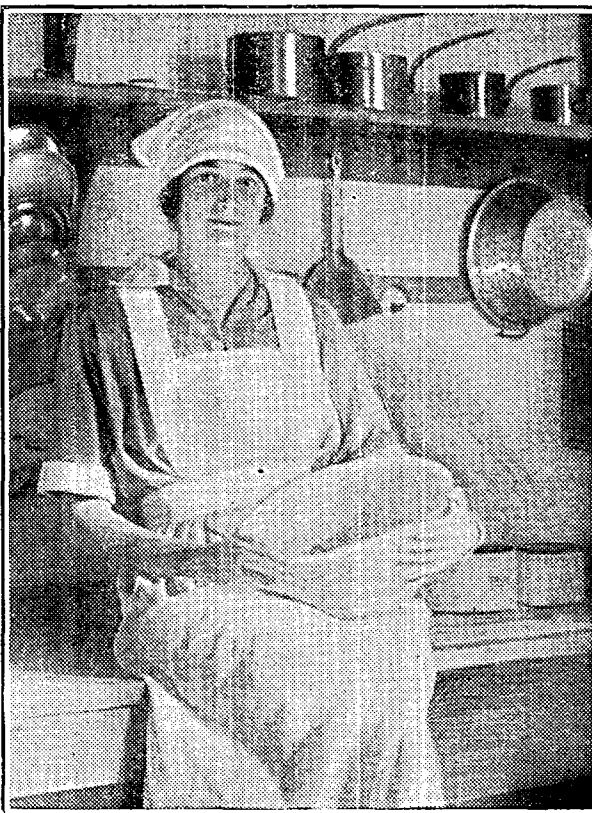
A River Steamer Runs Ashore—A Thames steamer, the Windsor Castle, ran ashore the other day between Richmond and Twickenham during a dense fog, and when the mist cleared away and the tide went down the steamer was seen in this curious and unusual position



Tilting the Floating Dock—The floating dock at Southampton, which is the largest in the world, is being repainted, and in order to carry out the work on that part of the dock below the normal water-line it is necessary to tilt it at an angle, as shown in this picture



Building Newcastle's New Bridge—A new bridge is being built across the Tyne at Newcastle, and here we see a workman heating rivets on top of one of the steel columns, 70 feet high. The riveters are inside the column



A Future Queen Learns Housewifery—Princess Astrid of Sweden, who is to marry the Crown Prince of Belgium, is a thoroughly domesticated girl, and has been through a strenuous course of housewifery at the School of Domestic Economy in Stockholm



Diving on a Canoe—A member of the Interstate Canoe Club, New York, recently made a thrilling dive into the Hudson River on the back of a canoe from a height of over twenty feet above the water, as seen in this picture



Livingstone's Birthplace—As explained in the C.N. not long ago, an effort is now being made to secure for the public the birthplace, at Low Blantyre, Lanarkshire, of David Livingstone



A Fireman Hits the Bull's-eye—At the annual competitions of the Oxford Fire Brigade there was a keen contest in target-firing. The men had to break a pane of glass with the hose

COME WITH ME THROUGH SHAKESPEARE'S HOMELAND—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER

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